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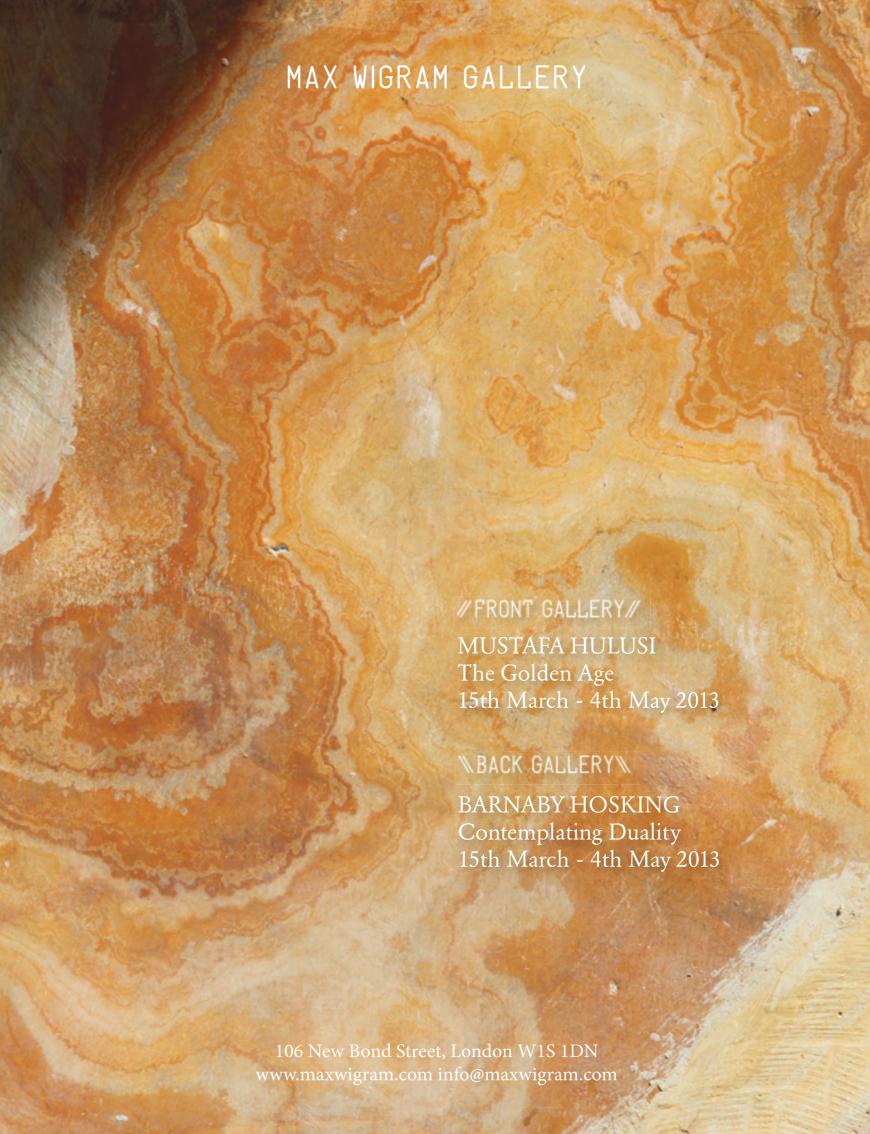
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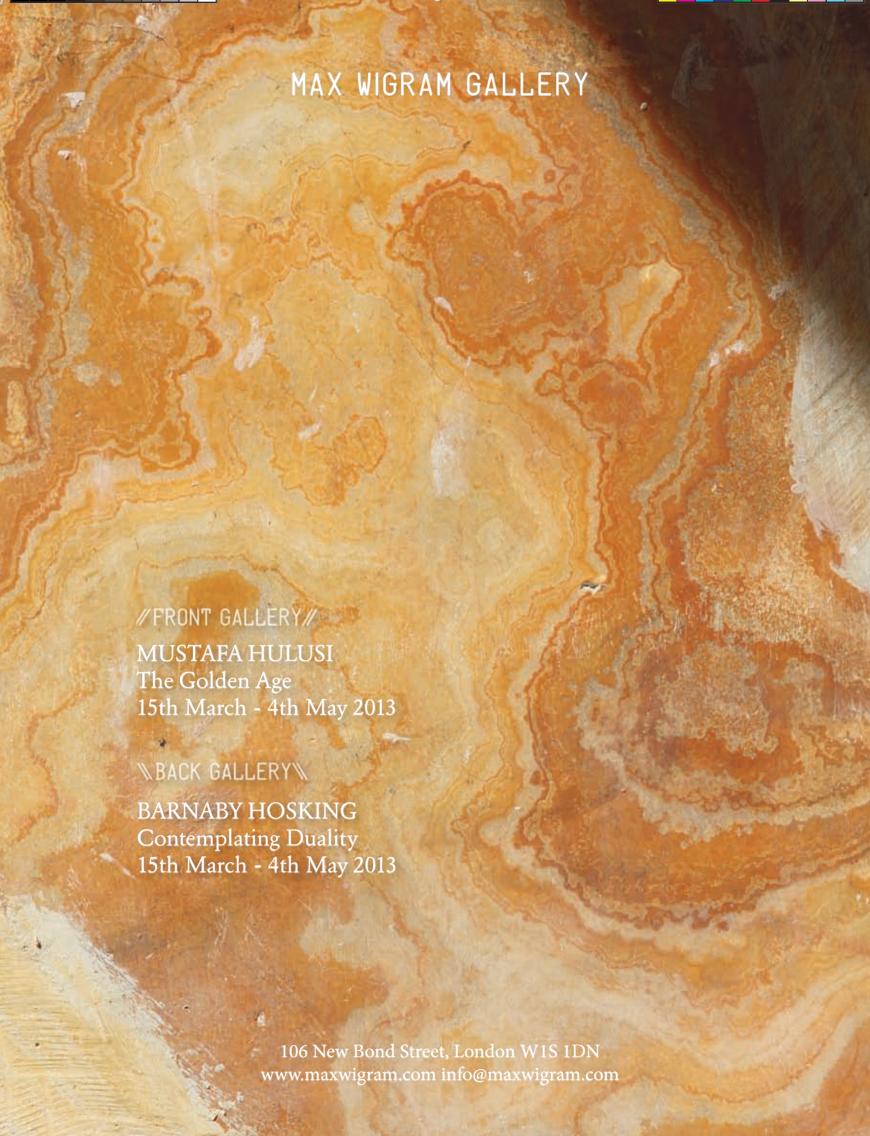
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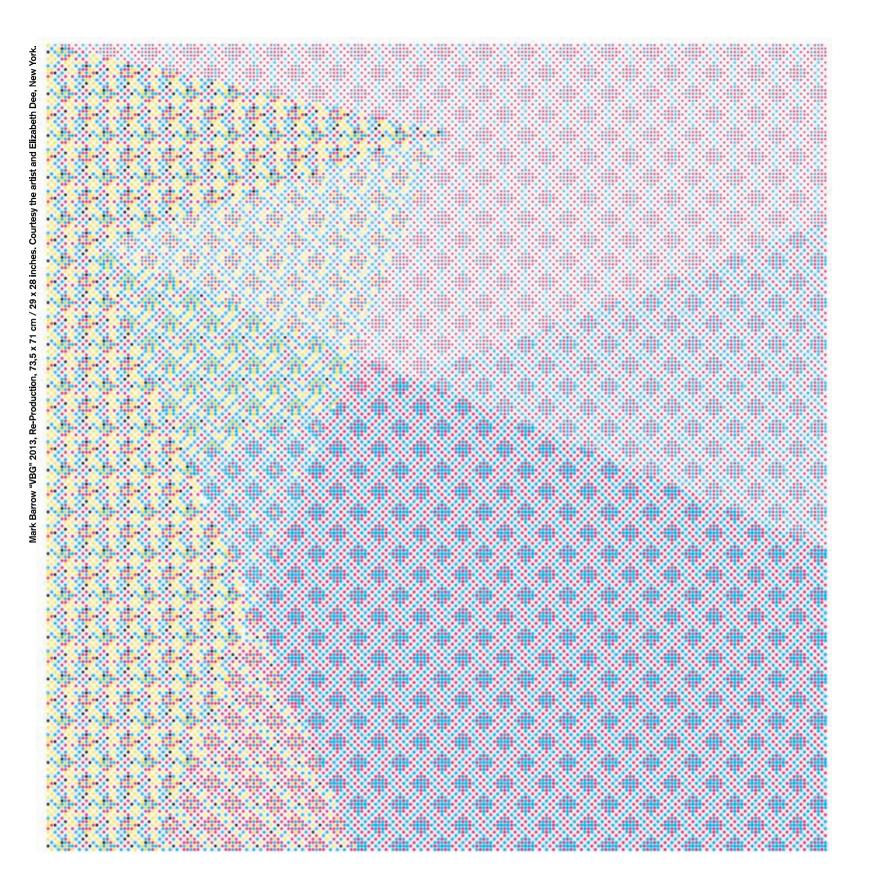
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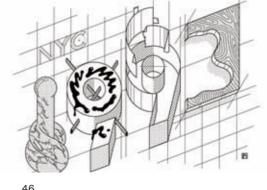
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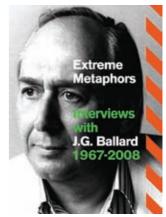








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Untitled (9-9), 2012, oil on linen on panel, 22 x 28"

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On the cover Simon Starling photographed by Andrea Stappert

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# MARGARET HOWELL

### **Contributors**

### **Robert Longo**

is an American artist widely known for his large-scale works in various media. Longo has exhibited at major art museums throughout Europe, Asia and the United States, and his works are on display in numerous museums and private collections. Longo lives and works in New York. This month he contributes to the Future Greats feature.

### **Chus Martínez**

is the chief curator of El Museo del Barrio in New York, following her role as head of department for Documenta 13. Previously she was chief curator at MACBA, Barcelona (2008–10), director of the Frankfurter Kunstverein (2005–8) and artistic director of Sala Rekalde, Bilbao (2002–5). This month she contributes to the **Future Greats** feature.

### Zebedee Helm

is a cartoonist, artist and writist. "You have to be pretty versatile these days just to keep your head above the water... and the bubbles," he said from his luxury rolltop bath in Wiltshire. It wasn't always thus: he lived in a wigwam for ten years to make ends meet and inadvertently invented glamping. He was cartoonist in chief for The Lady for two years, which satisfied his love of scaring old ladies; he contributes to Private Eye; and last year his first toilet book was published. In 2001 he drew everything he ate and drank for a whole year. No one was very interested, though, as digital cameras had just been invented and drawing suddenly seemed very passé. He had the last laugh, however, when he was asked to give a talk about his project at the Abergavenny food festival and no one turned up. This month he kicks off a new series of topical illustrations in the magazine's Listings section.

#### **Elizabeth Price**

is an artist who uses digital and reprographic media to explore existing art and design objects, collections and archives. In 2012 Price was awarded the Turner Prize for her solo exhibition Here, at the Baltic, Gateshead. She was featured in the British Art Show 2011, with User Group Disco, and has recently had work presented at Bloomberg Space and Chisenhale Gallery, both in London; the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, and the New Museum, New York. This month she contributes to the Future Greats feature.

### **Anne Pasternak**

is Creative Time's president and artistic director. Since joining the organisation in 1994, she has been committed to initiating projects that give artists the opportunity to explore new directions in their practice and reflect on contemporary society while engaging millions of people. Under her leadership, Creative Time has collaborated with thousands of artists to produce projects nationally and globally. This month she contributes to the **Future**Greats feature.



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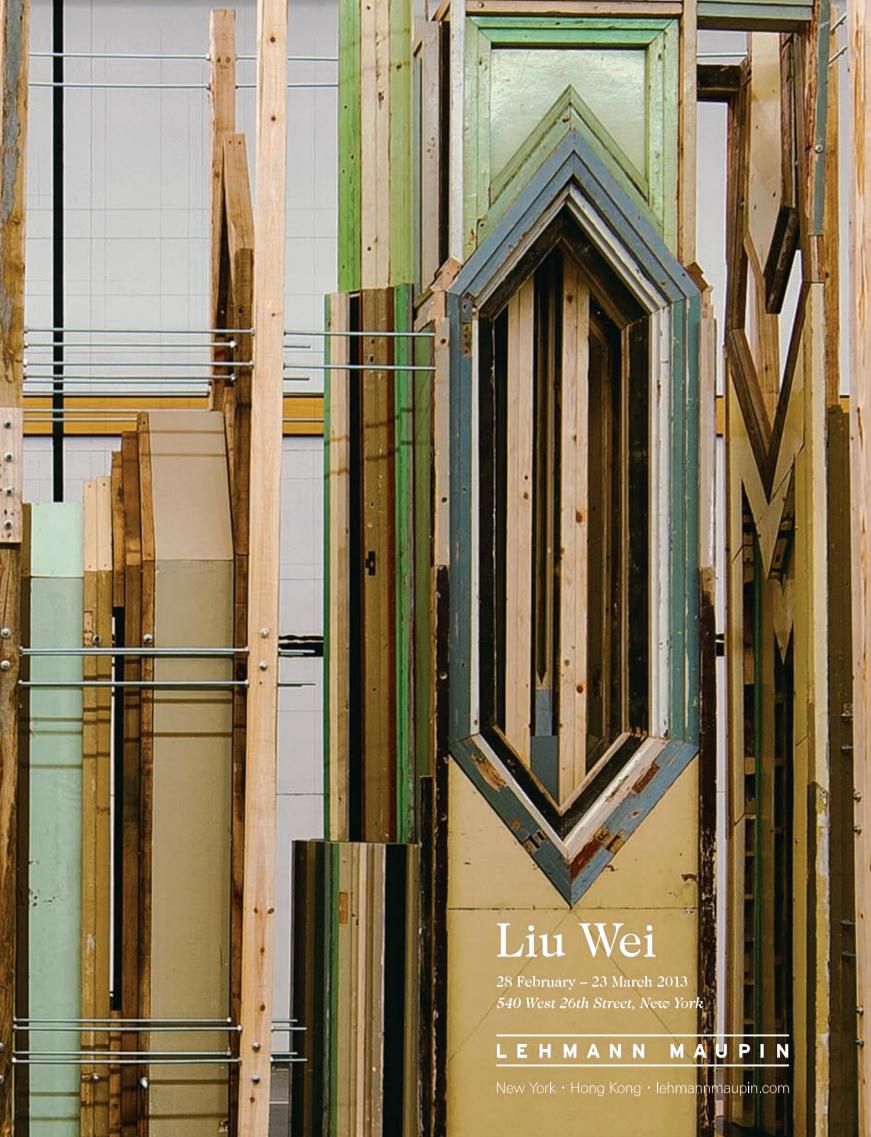




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Contributing Artists / Photographers / Illustrators Christina Dimitriadis, Viktor Hachmang, Zebedee Helm, Will Morris, Andrea Stappert



# **Dictionary**



X to xylophone

- X Roman numeral for ten. In Ancient Rome combinations of letters from the Latin alphabet were used to signify numeric values. They remain in occasional use, particularly for the names of monarchs and popes, and are known as monarchical ordinals.
- X (album title). An often-used recorded-music album title. Albums for which X is the title include those by Royal Hunt (2010); Spock's Beard (2010); Trace Adkins (2008); Kylie Minogue (2007); Fourplay (2006); Liberty X (2005); Kristeen Young (2004); a Christian compilation series by Tooth & Nail Records (since 2004); Def Leppard (2002); Anna Vissi (2002); K-Ci & JoJo (2000); INXS (1990); Gnags (1983); Klaus Schulze (1978).
- **x-axis** Denotes the principal or horizontal axis in a system of coordinates. See **drunk**.
- xenoglossophilia A love of unnecessary, strange words
- **xenoglossophobia** A fear of unnecessary, strange words.
- **xenoglossophobiaphiliaphobia** An unnecessary, strange word.
- xenologognostic As art practice is now language based rather than visually based, and as English is the international artworld language, authorities agree that artists cannot conceive new art unless they speak English. This is because matter is evil, and emancipation comes through gnosis (knowledge), whose emanations are from a primal, monadic, English-speaking source. This is different from the disadvantages non-English-speaking artists may have completing grant application forms or understanding knowing irony.
- **xenophiliac** Someone who is only sexually potent when with new art.
- **Xerox** A brand name for a **photocopy** process. In the 1970s photocopying was a cheap duplication process, allowing the dissemination of important **punk rock** knowledge information theory.
- X Factor, The A popular television competition.
  XIII pope subsidiarity determinant locus
  Ignored principle that higher artists should not make art that lower artists can make. The principle of subsidiarity was first developed in 1891 by Pope Leo XIII.
- XP The letters 'x' and 'p' in XPICTOC, the Greek name for Christ, form a monogram of Christianity. Medieval and Renaissance artists popularly depicted persons or groups venerating this sacred monogram, which would emanate light in the darkness. See *The X Factor*.

### XPICTOC See XP.

X-ray A form of electromagnetic radiation.

X-radiation can penetrate within visually opaque objects, and is used in medical radiography, airport security and art. It is

- particularly useful in the detection of pathology in the artist by revealing grandiose disease processes that develop in the ego, as well as identifying stolen or unreturned 'borrowed' ideas. The artist must be placed in front of the X-ray detector and then illuminated with a short X-ray pulse. The radiologist then compares the image obtained to normal anatomical images. Stolen art ideas are clearly visible on the radiograph because of their relatively high atomic number and lower absorption compared to tissue, but vibrators, butt plugs, tampons, unborn babies with fetal alcohol syndrome, packets of cocaine and cartoon-style introduction-to-philosophy books may also be present. Both authentic and feigned emotions may be apparent, such as sorrow. happiness and joy. Penetration depth varies with several orders of magnitude over the X-ray spectrum, allowing photon energy to be adjusted for the artist, and gives sufficient transmission so as to see many generations of stolen ideas within stolen ideas. Sometimes the bodies of actual earlier artists may be seen. writhing and mouthing calls for help, or insulting each other, inside the fatty areas of the current angstrom, infrared See reflectography, reflectogram, ultraviolet.
- X-ray, conservation Paintings and art objects may be X-rayed to reveal underdrawing and pentimenti, or changes made by house decorators who traditionally like to adjust their client's paintings while the client is at work, or in the toilet. Many pigments, such as lead white, show well in X-ray photographs, as does the popular white pigment cocaine. X-rays are also used to analyse the reactions of pigments in paintings, such as colour degradation where the artist has vomited blood and bile in vaporous proximity to delicately glazed painted surfaces. See housepainting, overpainting.
- xylene A gas or liquid whose hydrocarbons consist of a benzene ring with two methyl substituents. Used as a solvent or diluent for inks, paints and varnishes, and by conservators for solubility testing. Also used for self-immolation by artists seeking publicity and fame.

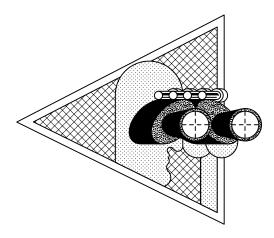
### xylography See engraving.

**xylophone** Musical instrument in the percussive family, usually played by lexicographers.

### **NEAL BROWN**



### **Now See This**



Ten exhibitions you don't want to miss in March By Martin Herbert

Sharjah Biennial 11 Various venues, Sharjah 13 March - 13 May

Gianni Politi CO2, Rome 1 March - 30 April

Luigi Ghirri Matthew Marks Gallery, Los Angeles 6 March – 19 April

Laure Prouvost Whitechapel Gallery, London 20 March – 7 April

Isabelle Cornaro Balice Hertling, Paris March

*Karl Holmqvist* Moderna Museet, Stockholm 16 March – 8 September

KRIWET BQ, Berlin 2 March - 13 April

Haroon Mirza MIMA, Middlesbrough 8 March – 6 June

*Hiraki Sawa* James Cohan Gallery, New York 21 March - 27 April

Tara Donovan Louisiana Contemporary, Humlebæk to 20 May



MATTHEW BARNEY
and ELIZABETH PEYTON
(see SHARIAH BIENNIAL 11)
Blood of Two, 2009, performance still.
Photo: Hugo Glendinning. © the artists.
Courtesy Gladstone Gallery, New York & Brussels

the genealogy of courtyards than it ever expected to, we're grateful to the thoroughgoing publicity department of Sharjah Biennial 11. Or actually, to curator Yuko Hasegawa's presiding metaphor for the show, positing the Arabian Peninsula as a courtyardlike midpoint between East and West, where public and private interests meet; a flashpoint for cultural exchange. (So the press materials also treat us to a microhistory of globalisation, hustling readers from Ancient Rome to the Mughals to the eastern end of the Silk Road and along the Mediterranean coast to Africa.) What Hasegawa's focus requires is 'artworks that explore the complexity and diversity of cultures, societies, and political relations, and encourage new forms of dialogue'. What it means is site-specific commissions by 24 artists/practitioners, including Apichatpong Weerasethakul, Ernesto Neto and Wael Shawky, other artists ranging from Matthew Barney and





GIANNI POLITI Senza Titolo (Madrigale con Grasso e Carne), oil on canvas, 24 x18cm. Courtesy CO2, Rome

Elizabeth Peyton to Olafur Eliasson, and a likely pronounced architecture/ urbanism tilt.

Meanwhile, after reading interviews with **Gianni Politi**, we also now know that the world will be consumed by fire at the end of 6,000 years. Or at least that an apocalyptic Indian tradition says so, and that the twenty-something Roman artist subscribes to it. Or at least so he says. Annihilation, too,

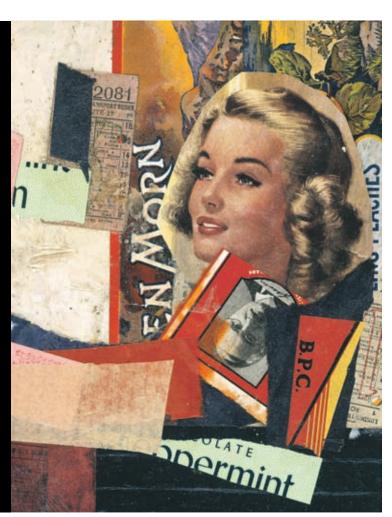
is the subtext of *From the Studio* (*Nightrider*), this show's series of paintings, in which Politi attempts to reconstruct a memory of his father's face after being stirred by a painting of a bearded old man in an art-history book, made by Gaetano Gandolfi in 1770. The features are here rendered as scumbled confusions, downward smears and brownish quagmires, and it all risks looking hysterical, but their maker has a definite aptitude for leveraging autobiography and instilling operatic emotion into paint.

Italia, Italia: a few years ago, Luigi Ghirri's small, profound photographs began stopping art fair-goers in their tracks. The artist/ curator's mostly-Polaroid images, resembling Instagrams in excelsis, felt at once like a Mediterranean equivalent to the work of Stephen Shore or William Eggleston - electric moments lassoed on the hoof - but also had a conceptual heft: tourists gaze not at epic landscapes but mural-size reproductions of them; architecture is dynamited while a pedestrian walks idly by. An art of looking, of looking at looking, and now of a tricky nostalgia, Ghirri's gorgeous and smart photography makes one wonder not at its revival two decades after his death, but that the renascence took so long. Matthew Marks in Los Angeles, a sunlit outpost for the venue that represents Robert Adams, seems a wholly apt venue.



LUIGI GHIRRI Riva di Tures, 1977, 30 x 41 cm. © Estate of Luigi Ghirri. Courtesy Matthew Marks Gallery, New York & Los Angeles







The present author once watched Karl Holmqvist sing, somewhat monotonously, a Lou Reed song while onstage in Reykjavík. He then jumped off, grabbed me, took me to a gallery covered in blaring pasted-up texts and with microphones set up for an impromptu poetry slam and, in a back room, played a video he'd made which involved him solemnly reciting a piece of journalism I'd written in a hurry (about someone else) several years earlier. I was flattered, also slightly mortified; it felt good, though, to be a stitch in the Swedish artist's weave of repurposed writings, his replaying of historical thought (not all of it worth replaying, admittedly) and his productively plagiaristic probing of the line between poetry/ spoken word and visual art. Now that Holmqvist is enough of a beloved artworld figure to have a recent Rirkrit Tiravanija film devoted to him reading the newspaper, it's a fine Moment (to shamelessly quote the show's title) to catch up with him - and probably join in.

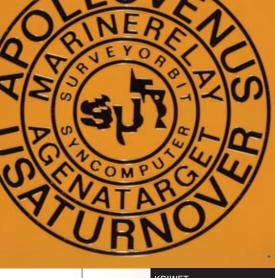
If Holmqvist has an artisticpoetic lineage, Ferdinand Kriwet - who goes under the emphatic KRIWET, as if his name were a sign - is part of it. Since the 1960s, the Düsseldorfborn artist, media art innovator and self-described 'visual poet' has been



KARL HOLMQVIST Ljusstakar (Give Poetry a Try), 1996/2011. Photo: Moderna Museet/Prallan Allsten

taking Concrete Poetry off the page and into the physical environment, most characteristically in his Rundscheiben (discs), mandalalike constructions of dense text that collapse the verbal into the visual and give autonomy to the reader/ viewer: unpunctuated, they allow/ force one to apply subjective sense to them. If, since around 2005, this work and KRIWET's publications, film and TV works, multimedia installations and neons have enjoyed their own steady resurgence, it's perhaps unsurprising: they chime with (and



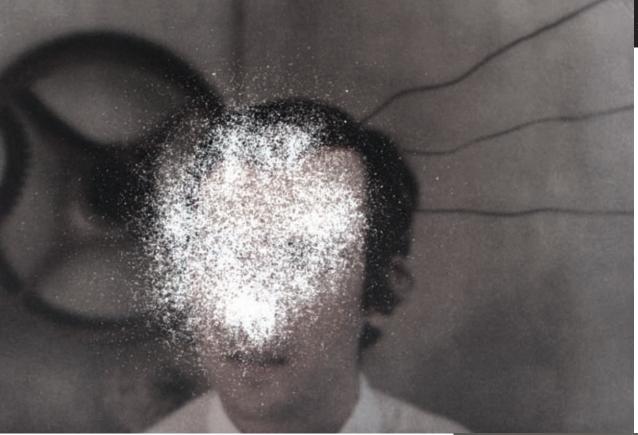


KRIWET Text-Sign, 1968, embossed light aluminium colour-coated, 60 x 60 cm. Photo: Roman Maerz, Berlin. Courtesy BQ, Berlin

HAROON MIRZA Untitled Song Featuring Untitled Works by James Clarkson (detail), 2012. Photo Stuart Whipps. Courtesy the artist and Spike Island, Bristol

anticipate) not only our increasingly overloaded media atmosphere but the clamorous, directive realm of digitality.

Over in Middlesbrough. meanwhile, the clamour of the analogue - or if the digital then the outmoded digital - awaits. In recent times, Haroon Mirza has blown out his formerly standalone sound- and lightemitting contraptions - gracefully loose, cultural politics-freighted admixtures of noise-emitting junk-shop electronics, coloured lights and furniture - into enfolding son et lumière environments. Not so much at MIMA, it seems. But the young British artist has also always had a yen for self-challenging collaboration, and that is apparent in this show, Untitled Song (2012), where four of the sculptures are original works by Sheffield artist James Clarkson, later 'modified' by Mirza: remix culture in three dimensions.



HIRAKI SAWA

Lineament (still), 2012, dual-channel HD video, sound
18 min 47 sec. © the artist. Courtesy James Cohan

Hiraki Sawa's Dwelling (2002), the London-based Japanese artist's breakthrough, was a wholly poetic piece of videomaking. Shot in elegant black and white, it tours a modest flat as it becomes a piece of busy airspace: miniature aeroplanes, gradually increasing in numbers, rising from the floor to soar through its rooms. The planes, passing through, feel like ghosts of former tenants, and memory's fundamentality to our lives has assumed primacy in Sawa's poised monochrome videos since, while he's explored more complex installation configurations. In the multiscreen Lineament (2012), slated for exhibition at James Cohan, animated forms surround a figure caught up, seemingly, in forgetting how to remember, in a void of unknowing and broken connections; as vinyl records and cogs float in the air, Sawa seems to be connecting back to the heyday of surrealist film as much as to contemporary neuroscience.

And finally, **Tara Donovan** – the artist whom *The New York Times* calls 'the belle of the banal' and the MacArthur Foundation decided was genius enough for one of their grants – is opening her first big European show. The 'banal' comes from Donovan's use of everyday

objects in vast numbers: she starts with one and keeps adding, and how the premade objects can fit together determines the shape of the work, whether sea urchin-like clusters of silver-blue fishing line (Untitled, 2003), a ceiling hung, glowing-white topography of foam cups (Untitled (Styrofoam Cups), 2008) or the spectacular sci-fi array of shimmering globular forms made from cones of iridescent Mylar hot-glued together (Untitled (Mylar), 2011). Typically, the mass-produced assumes a form that veers back towards the natural, such that one can think about the entropic ramifications of these things rather than just gawp. But you won't forget to gawp, either. :



TARA DONOVAN

Untitled, 2012, acrylic and adhesive, 82 x 86 x 88 cm.
Photo: Kerry Ryan McFate. Courtesy Pace Gallery,
New York

ArtReview 31



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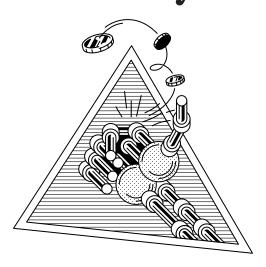
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One should resist reading every artwork coming out of a particular country as carrying the baggage of its national political dramas. Nonetheless it is hard to see Greek artist Stelios Faitakis's handmade silkscreen (in an edition of 50), Flood (2012) – with its almost Byzantine depiction of a society hitting the skids – and not think of Greece's current economic and social problems.

thebreedersystem.com

€1,000



### Whisky galore

Charles Avery was born in Oban, Scotland. Forty-five miles southwest as the crow flies is Bunnahabhain, situated on the Inner Hebrides isle of Islay, a village principally famed for its whisky distillery. It's therefore fitting that Avery is one of the artists designing the label for a 1979 batch of this mild single malt Scotch, commissioned by McLean's Artist Malts. Each bottle, of which there are only 35, comes with a lithograph of the label artwork.



In preparation for his exhibition at Glasgow's David Dale Gallery, Stuart Whipps spent some time immersing himself in Las Pozas, the poet and artist Edward James's surrealist sculpture garden in the Mexican rainforest, a project he worked on from 1949 until his death, in 1984. In this edition, supporting the artist-run space, Whipps, whose work deals with modes of archiving and representing imagery, has captured one of James's typically concrete yet organic-seeming forms.

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Some years ago *ArtReview* accidently attended a David Shrigley book signing. The artist was generously making drawings in each of his fans' proffered publications – one lady got an elaborately detailed house penned on the inside cover of her book. When Shrigley asked us what we wanted in ours, we cheekily replied, "Anything other than a house." So he scrawled an inexact circle. Which brings us to this equally lo-fi project: a collaboration between Shrigley and musician lain Shaw, resulting in a cassette tape of whimsical poems and songs, produced in an edition of 100.

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Toilet totem

Mimicking the vitrine displays of miscellaneous found objects for which she is known, this c-print on aluminium behind acrylic glass comes from American artist Josephine Meckseper. The photograph, in an edition of three, at first seems to have been hastily taken - a snapshot - but this belies the careful arrangement of various ephemera within its frame. The ceremonial mask and the Nissan emblem talisman-like, the vase and toilet brush totemic.

bonner-kunstverein.de

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With the involvement of one of the original organisers of Art HK (since sold to Art Basel), a London-based art fair is seeking to rattle Frieze Art Fair's grip on the UK scene. Open for three days, from 1 March, Art13 claims it will be truly globally representative, boasting an equal weighting of galleries from Asia, Europe, the Middle East, Africa and the Americas. Cape Town's Brundyn + Gonsalves will be there, for example, exhibiting their stable of artists, including Zwelethu Mthethwa, whose mixed media work, a collaboration with Louis Jansen van Vuuren titled Love Is All Around (2008), is pictured.

artfairslondon.com

# Price on request



Organic



Minimal man

Koenraad Dedobbeleer's work burlesques ideas about truth to materials. His sculptures quote Minimalism, but not without a tone of kitsch. This work, in which there are ten slightly varying versions, is titled Tactically Assumed, Dramatically Pronounced (2012) and is both humanoid in composition and modernist in form.

kunstmuseumsg.ch

**CHF** 2,800

Rebecca Warren's vaguely anthropomorphic lumps are quietly disturbing. Nodding to ancient origins in prehistoric art up through to the likes of Auguste Rodin, Constantin Brancusi and Louise Bourgeois, this handpainted bronze work, Zhizni (2010) (which comes with a copy of the artist's recent monograph, Every Aspect of Bitch Magic, 2012), is typically freakish and dark in tone, yet not without humour.

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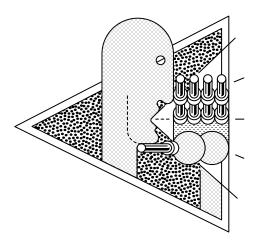
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## **Now Hear This**



The magazine's correspondents speak their mind

J.J. Charlesworth, London *The end of the artworld* 

Jonathan Grossmalerman, New York *The noncompliant portrait* 

Joshua Mack, New York
NYC 1993: Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star

Maria Lind

What makes a Jewel?

Marie Darrieussecq, Paris The house of Eugène Delacroix

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Christopher Mooney, Kiev Future Generation Art Prize

Christian Viveros-Fauné, New York Disregarding Warhol

Sam Jacob, Design
Space: the final commercial frontier

Raimar Stange, Berlin Art-media city

Paul Gravett, comics Will Morris



It's an early January evening at London's ICA. I'm here as part of a panel debating whether or not we're witnessing 'The End of the Artworld...?' Alongside me are The Art Newspaper's newshound editor-atlarge Georgina Adam, the avuncular Cork Street dealer James Mayor and youngster commercial gallerist Danielle Horn. Given the hysteriainducing title, it's inevitable that the discussion veers towards the downbeat, even though we're being briskly compered by the ICA's restlessly enthusiastic director, Gregor Muir. What's with the mood of crisis at large in the artworld, we wonder. Something is happening - a concatenation of crises, in fact: the hyperinflation of the art market, which seems to be thriving in inverse proportion to the fortunes of the broader economy; the continuing expansion of art fairs and megagalleries, while middle-market and emerging galleries close or are struggling to survive; the growing instability in the relationships between big artists and big dealers, as artists like Damien Hirst and Yayoi Kusama leave dealers like Larry Gagosian, and more broadly, a situation in which other artists forget their loyalties to their old galleries and jump to whoever will cut them the biggest deal; not forgetting the crisis in art criticism, with high-profile critics saying they've had enough of the artworld's inanities and are outtahere (see my column in ArtReview no 65). Though to be honest, when it comes

to that last point, I can't remember a time when there wasn't supposed to be a crisis in art criticism – we're a manic-depressive bunch, us critics.

I'm not so sure the artworld is about to end, but something significant is definitely happening. It's most immediately apparent in the way that top-flight galleries are consolidating their positions by exploiting the maturing forces of globalisation: as markets for contemporary art start to establish themselves in China, India, the Middle East and Latin America, the big galleries are following Gagosian's example (albeit at a slower pace), opening a store in every city across the world. The global network of biennials and art fairs has done its work - to expand the culture of contemporary art to every corner of the world's elite - and now the biggest players no longer want to have to go via fairs to reach that market. So if the 2000s was the decade of the art fair, the 2010s is the decade of the galleryas-chainstore, setting up wherever the newly minted and mobile communities of 'high-net-worth individuals' call home.

This, we conclude, is having knock-on effects: smaller and younger galleries have found that the market for new work has shrivelled away; art buyers have become more interested in art as an 'asset class'; the relationship between dealer, artist and collector has become more anonymous and businesslike; and critics wonder what their role is in a system that seems to be increasingly closed off to a broader public discussion.

But as the discussion develops, I'm starting to wonder if the real question is: should we care that much? I start to argue that to think of the strange evolution of the top end of the artworld as if it still had a relationship with the rest of us is to misunderstand what it has become. Instead of talking about such a top end as the 'upper crust' of the artworld, maybe it would make more sense to think that it has actually mutated into something completely unforeseen - just another form of private luxury consumption that has become disconnected from any kind of serious or meaningful cultural discussion about art. So just as there are trade fairs and showrooms for luxury cars, luxury yachts and luxury wristwatches, so there are trade fairs

and showrooms for 'top-end' art. And the reality is: I don't really care about it, or I care about it as much as I care about yachts and watches – which is not at all.

This may be an off-the-wall position to take. And yet the proof of it is that none of the art consumed at this level is ever that interesting. Does it need to be? It only really has to work for a public concerned with a certain comfortable level of distance and exclusivity, and one that is essentially becoming more private, even though it revels, insecurely, in a spectacle of publicity. Historically, when art loses its ties to a divergent and complicated set of publics, it starts to atrophy, to turn in on itself - nineteenth-century academicism, 1960s formalism, 80s po-mo - sooner or later, someone somewhere else finds something more interesting to do. And before you know it, a living art culture takes shape elsewhere. Which is perhaps to say that, with the current fixation on the apparent excesses of the artworld's top end, we may all be looking in the wrong place. Because something is happening/But you don't know what it is/Do you, Mister Jones?

 ${\it Ionathan Grossmalerman, New York} \\ {\it The noncompliant portrait}$ 



Though my oeuvre consists almost entirely of large-scale paintings of vaginas and pink buttholes, I occasionally accept portrait commissions. They're fun, and I can do it with little effort. The patron – immortalised – walks away happy. I get paid. Done and done! Well, until one day recently when, as I mixed myself a substantial vodka & Dr Pepper and settled in for a productive morning, an expensively dressed couple strolled into the studio claiming to have an appointment.

"Hiya! My name's Allan Bibbs and this is my beautiful and sexy wife, Hannah," he said, gesturing not to a beautiful or sexy wife but rather to one who was flabby on a skinny frame and smelled faintly of shit and metabolised alcohol. He was tall, a handsome man with an easy southern charm that conveyed a violent desperation and lack of any scruples. It was immediately obvious to me that he had married her for her money and masked his contempt for her by doting, to which she in turn was oblivious. I liked them. I liked them a lot! I looked forward to becoming great friends!

"This is so exciting!" she slurred.
"We're going to hang it right next to
the Currin!"

"That's the cotton-pickin' truth!" he blurted out before covering his mouth, ashamed of his regionalism.

"Where would you like us to pose?" asked the shit lady, swaying gently. I pulled out a couple of chairs and began setting up the lights. They staggered to their seats and fixed their faces into what I must assume was considered an attractive look in their particular circle. He, mouth agape, lower lip glistening with saliva, and rheumy eyes staring into the middle distance; she, pursed lips, eyes wide, head cocked and chin pressed painfully into her chest. It was strange but effective. Somehow alluring.

I began laying down the ground, and everything proceeded as per usual. Losing myself in the problems and the joys of paint. The wondrous fog of creation! Several hours passed before I thought to step back and gaze at my handiwork and was shocked by its true terrifying horror! Where moments before a handsome visage looked back at me, I now saw a wrinkled, grisly monster! But how was this so!? Surely I had painted something entirely different.

Something beautiful! After all, I'd succeeded in idealising the woman's face. Adding a glint to her dry, hooded eyes and bringing them closer together, creating a forehead where none existed! But his depiction had transformed into a grotesque mound of greyish green upon which, in lieu of eyes, carbuncles spewed yellow pus! There was even a serpent's tongue! I had no recollection of using any green paint! What the hell was going on?

I quickly attempted to fix the painting before they had a chance to see it, but somehow made it worse! The light was dimming and I could sense they were beginning to grow restless. "Just one moment," I pleaded. "I'm on a roll!" He glanced at his watch and rubbed his eyes. Nothing worked. I finally tried painting over his portrayal entirely, but his ghoulish countenance immediately seeped through! The painting itself now seemed to heave and contract as though it were breathing! Things were really getting out of control!

Allan Bibbs's phone began to beep.

"Honey, our reservation is in 20 minutes."

Here was the moment I feared! "Oh, I can't wait to see!" she exclaimed as I fumbled and made excuses. They careened towards the portrait and paused to study it as I resolved to defend myself with insults should there be a confrontation. Still more time passed! I balled my fists, ready to throw punches.

Finally she sighed and said...

"I like it!"

"Yes, well, if you like it, darling, that's good enough for me." He shot me a seething glance.

"Well... it's really... it still needs a lot of work," I offered.

There was a longer pause as her attention wandered.

"Well, honey pumpkin, we really need to run if we expect to keep our reservation."

"Yes, and I'm ever so hungry."

"I know you are, baby sweetie."
Without taking his eyes off me, he wrote a cheque and threw it on my worktable.

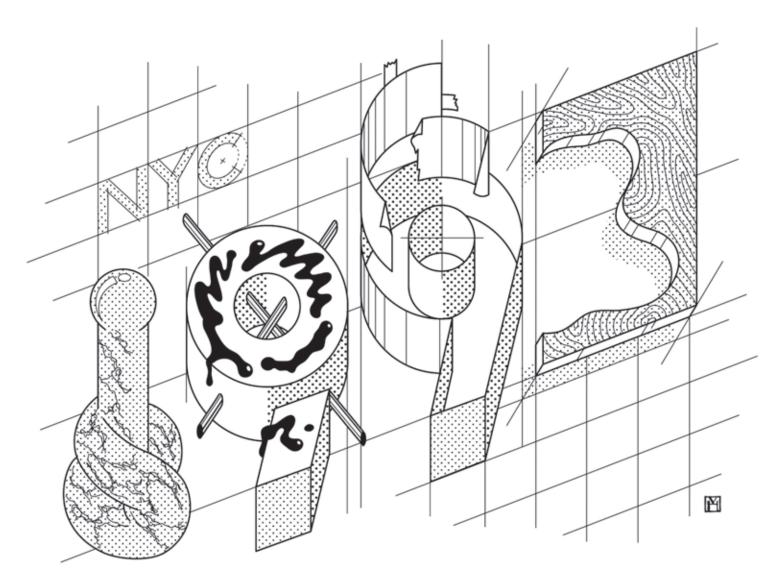
They left me sitting alone with the cursed portrait, and after some time, it – as such things do – spoke to me

"Do you like ESG?" it hissed.

I nodded.

"You and I will be great friends."





Joshua Mack, New York NYC 1993: Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star According to a recently opened exhibition at the New Museum, the current cultural moment began in 1993. That year, Islamic terrorists attacked the World Trade Center for the first time; the Whitney Biennial anointed identity politics as the au courant artistic strategy; the nowubiquitous Hans Ulrich Obrist curated an exhibition in a Paris hotel room; Felix Gonzalez-Torres exhibited his billboard of a soaring seagull; artists like Rachel Harrison and Jason Rhoades first showed in New York; Rirkrit Tiravanija paddled a canoe around the Venice Biennale; and the peripatetically global art culture familiar today began to crystallise.

While the show offers a time capsule of New York in this formative year, the sense of emergence its four curators intuit depends as much on events as on their ages. They were at the time between ten and nineteen. In his catalogue essay, one of them, Massimiliano Gioni, mentions that he felt that everything was possible then

and that, on the night of serial bombings across Italy, he was stoned out of his mind.

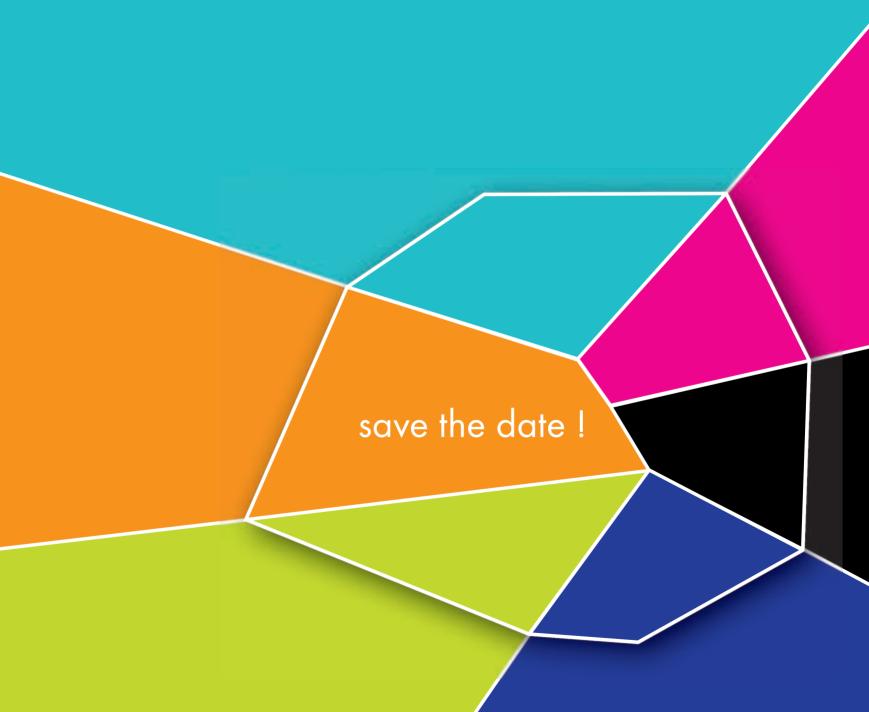
For someone who experienced the full wonder of youth 15 years earlier – and I suspect for artists in the show like Mary Beth Edelson and Ida Applebroog, ardent feminists who'd been working for decades – it's hard not to see identity politics, or the harrowing number of reflections on mortality and marginalisation produced at the time, as results of longstanding social activism. Change seemed due as much to the natural progression of generations as to the personal and cultural voids wrought by AIDS.

Yet given the great co-option that ensued – the rise of neoliberalism and hegemonic consumerism – 1993 is as good a place as any to situate the genesis of a zeitgeist reflected increasingly during the last two decades in a cynical critique of media and capital. After all, 1993 is when Bill Clinton took office – although

before he mastered political triangulation he tried to enact universal healthcare. The cogent question begged is how today's corporate institutions and inward-looking neoconceptualist art evolved from so much that was politically and personally urgent.

The show's subtitle, taken from the contemporaneous Sonic Youth album - a gritty, abrasive reaction to the band's increasing mainstream success - hints at the tensions between the alternative and the upmarket at play in the vitiation. How we have negotiated the divide both individually and collectively defines, as much as anything that happened in 1993, the moment in which we live. If the show can dial back and help its audience understand how artists reacted to political and social pressures, it might also aid us in identifying trenchant work today when exigent circumstances and the passing of time demand a new generation come forward.

# 1<sup>st</sup> edition week-end galeries Paris from 5<sup>th</sup> to 7<sup>th</sup> April 2013



galleries list on www.weekendgaleries-paris.fr

Maria Lind
What makes a Jewel?

There are artworks that engage you and artworks that don't leave you. While the former evoke your curiosity and interest, the latter keep returning, demanding your attention when least expected. They function like a song – however silly and seemingly insignificant – that stubbornly sticks in your head. I was recently reminded that Hassan Khan's video installation

Jewel (2010) is one of those insistent artworks, the kind that refuses to let you go. The dancing men, the seductive music and the vicious-looking fish have all become familiar features in my mind.

It's been frequently exhibited - I have seen Jewel in The Ungovernables at the New Museum (2012) and in La Triennale: Intense Proximity at Palais de Tokvo (2012), before showing it myself last summer when Tensta Konsthall curated the visual arts section of the Stockholm Music & Arts Festival. When I encountered it once more last November in Khan's survey exhibition at SALT Beyoğlu in Istanbul, it had the same mesmerising effect as the first time I saw it. The third time I sat through the loop in the grey box with a wall-to-wall carpet at SALT, a man and a woman entered the otherwise empty installation. Almost instantly they started dancing. What then is the secret of Jewel?

In the video, originally filmed on 35mm, two men are dancing to a music track featuring an intense beat. It is so-called *shaabi* ('of the common people'), an urban musical genre with rural roots nowadays popular in the streets of the artist's hometown, Cairo. One of the men is older; the other is younger. While the older

man's appearance is reminiscent of the taxi drivers in several parts of the world in the late twentieth century, the younger one is dressed like an office clerk with a modest clothing budget and little sense of style. They seem to belong to distinct groups yet inhabit the same society. Their dance mixes movements from street dance, fighting, greetings and gymnastics. Nothing is said – the men only communicate with their bodies.

Depending on when you enter the six-minute-and-20-second loop, you might come upon the sound of tuning instruments and the dreamy image of lights glimmering in the dark. Or you might be immersed in the full beat, watching a swimming fish with sharp teeth that then petrifies into lights making up the abstract shape of a fish on the side of a speaker, which turns as the men dance next to and in front of it. All the while the camera is slowly receding so that at the end of the loop you can see almost the entire grey box. Like an ambitious yet mysterious disco lamp, the speaker and its fish shapes keep shining like jewels throughout.

Maybe the secret lies in the fact that what looks improvised is in fact carefully choreographed. The two men were selected from around 70 who auditioned; the movements were rehearsed both individually and together; the track was composed by the artist. The installation follows precise instructions, too: it mirrors the space in the video. Or is it a case of a parallel existence of different registers - like the swimming fish next to the dancing men - that lends Jewel its appeal? Shaabi is, after all, a musical genre used in various situations, from weddings to shop openings. Is the artist perhaps honouring what has happened in Cairo since 2010, the coming together of a sort of multitude and the actions taken to change the course of formal as well as informal politics?

In any case, Jewel is both a continuation of the 1990s genre of videos with dancing men and a break with that. Back then, artists like Sean Landers. Peter Land and Jaan Toomik made documentary-type videos of themselves dancing alone, without knowing how to dance. In contrast Khan's men are definitely in control, both of their bodies and the rhythms. What seemed like a form of male masochism in the earlier videos is now a display of an awkward yet fluid and contagious activity. When I left the installation at SALT, the man and woman were still dancing.

Marie Darrieussecq, Paris
The house of Eugène Delacroix

Eugène Delacroix moved to the rue de Furstenberg at the end of December 1857. 'My lodgings are indeed charming,' he wrote in his journal. 'The view from my small garden and the cheerfulness of my studio always give me pleasure.' Delacroix, who was nearly sixty years old and moved with difficulty, wanted to be closer to the church of Saint-Sulpice, where he was decorating a chapel. His six rooms and garden studio now belong to the Louvre. And

today, the garden has been restored by a team from the Tuileries. "It had returned to the state of a courtyard," one of the two gardeners tells me. "Only stones and flattened earth: there's too much shade." Since the death of Delacroix, the south side has been cut off by the high wall of a new building.

I visited the garden on a cold winter evening. Even with its small naked trees, its undeveloped cuttings, its empty trellises, this as-yet-virtual garden had a lot of charm: an island of emptiness and starry skies in a very dense district of Paris.

It's on the basis of an invoice, sent to Delacroix by his seed merchant in 1857, that the gardeners have been able to imagine the view that presented itself to the painter from his studio. As far as the trees go, there is a North American honey locust, a catalpa and, in homage to the cherry trees destroyed by the new building, a white cherry, more tolerant of the shade. Ivy and vines push up the new trellis, as well as wisteria, clematis and honeysuckle. On the ground there are masses of gooseberries and raspberries, of ferns, periwinkle, Solomon's seal and ancient roses surrounded by boxwood and anemones, which the painter loved, with borders of thyme.

I didn't know that, at the end of his life, Delacroix painted flowers. Many large bouquets in oil paint, one of which he offered to his friend George Sand, are arranged in his apartment. Notebooks lie open under glass cases. A superb watercolour shows two very sombre purple irises, with a skull drawn in pencil. 'I like my studio; I work well there,' he wrote (Correspondance, IV). Constructed under the supervision of the artist, with three large bay windows and a skylight, it is a place of calm in the busy quartier that is Saint Germain des Prés.

While you wait for the outbreak of spring in the garden, you can also see the museum's exhibition Delacroix: Des Fleurs en Hiver, which features Johan Creten (bronzes and 'vulva flowers' in porcelain) and Jean-Michel Othoniel (anemones and other flowers made out of glass beads).

#### Mike Watson, Rome Opera for Cantalupo

I entered the Rome studio of artist Paolo W. Tamburella - formerly the workplace of the late-nineteenth-toearly-twentieth-century Piedmontese sculptor Giuseppe Sartorio, whose work still adorns the exterior - slipped and plunged into an oversize dog sculpture. Instinctively looking to the spot on the floor where I lost my footing, I identified a pale smudge of what might have been paint: "Bread dough!" a studio assistant explained, before showing me a number of "bread experiments" that he was carrying out ahead of a planned "world bread bakery" installation to accompany a forthcoming presentation of operatic props from a performance staged in Piazza del Plebiscito, Naples, by Tamburella in late 2012.

That performance, Opera for Cantalupo, took its form and plot from the artist's interactions with a host of Neapolitan characters. These included teens from the famous Spanish Quarter; the art department of Teatro San Carlo; the Music Conservatory of San Pietro a Majella; and Salvatore Cantalupo, a familiar local character - robust, shaven headed, often wearing a smile and always accompanied by his 12 dogs. With little time left from his initial encounter with Cantalupo, Tamburella started to meld different influences into an operatic work to be performed in the piazza, Italy's most distinguished space for outdoor installations, having previously hosted works by - among others - Carsten

Nicolai, Sol LeWitt and Mario Merz. It became apparent that, according to the wishes of the youths he was working with, any opera would need to involve a spaceship. A plot then evolved in which a character based on Cantalupo would head for the moon, something made possible by the help of youths from the troubled Rione Sanità, who used their metalworking skills to build a 'spacecraft'. Meanwhile, workers at Teatro San Carlo helped build three large dogs, which later dwarfed two equestrian statues situated permanently in the piazza.

On a sweltering October night, female opera singers portraying the wives of the former kings of Naples sang pleas for 'Cantalupo' not to leave the earth. Under a still and clear sky - framed by the curvature of the buildings circling the space - an audience joined the real Cantalupo and his group of rescued dogs (which grow in number as he strolls daily), always passing through Piazza del Plebiscito. There, in the odd congruence between opera and a life that one could describe as stranger than fiction, the role of the artist as a mediator and filter of experiences

and situations within which he is just one player became clear.

Indeed, precisely where to place the figure of the artist in general - in relation to the people with whom he or she interacts - is an important question when it comes to the kind of art that uses people and their lives as a medium. If, as is arguably the case, such works find their genesis in a combination of the Duchampian readymade (anything as art) and the Beuysian declaration that 'we are all artists', the resulting potential for anything to be art at any point necessitates an erasure of the role of the artist as such. We are all players in a seemingly boundless interaction of objects, animals and other people.

Across the Atlantic, Ophelia Evans is – unknowingly – linked to Salvatore Cantalupo via her association with Tamburella. In 2006 the porch of her house was dismantled, packed in boxes and put in storage in New Orleans, where it has now been for over six years. One of tens of thousands of houses condemned by Hurricane Katrina in August 2005, this particular home was singled out by Tamburella for his ongoing *US Mail Project* (2006–), for

which he declared his intention to transport Evans's house to New York, shipping it in a 'tsunami' of flat-rate US mail boxes. The result of this plays out in the continuing real-life story of its protagonists and the house itself, there being no trace of the work aside from its existence in storage. Ophelia paid for a new prefabricated house to be built, but - thanks to a company run by a man who has since been arrested for fraud - never saw anything more than its foundations. The last Tamburella knew of her, she was living with a relative in New Orleans, bedbound as a result of a long-term illness, one of millions of people touched by the events of summer 2005: an operatic tragedy on an epic scale.

When art becomes life, there is little left to do for the artist but make connections, as a kind of writer of contemporary tragedy who himself is written into the plot. Seen this way, the problematic nature of participatory social art – in that it seeks to democratise the art experience by working with nonpractitioners and yet happens always at the behest of an overseeing art practitioner – is to some extent overcome.



Christopher Mooney, Kiev
Future Generation Art Prize

Art is a contest of ideas played out in the public arena, where the taste for new blood is unslakable. Most ideas die. Some survive. A handful flourish. Art is our noblest pursuit. It teaches and heals us, transcends us, brings us face-to-face with the glorious mystery of being. Art is good. Art is power. Art is life. Art is fun!

Such is the discordant dippiness bickering in my brain as I cast back to a day spent in Kiev, last December, as the personal guest of the Ukrainian businessman, art collector and philanthropist Victor Pinchuk.

In 2006 Pinchuk quit politics he had been a member of the Ukrainian parliament since 1998 and began aggressively acquiring post-1990s contemporary art, reportedly spending roughly \$180 million dollars in just one year at London's White Cube gallery alone. In 2006 he opened the Pinchuk Art Centre in downtown Kiev. In 2007 he paid \$23.6m for Jeff Koons's Hanging Heart (Magenta/Gold) (1994-2006). And in 2010 he created the Future Generation Art Prize – a first prize of \$100,000 and a special prize of \$20,000 - to be presented biennially to artists thirty-five or younger.

The biggest cash prize in contemporary art, the first Future Generation Art Prize drew thousands of applicants, from which the Pinchuk Art Centre's director, Eckhard Schneider, produced a shortlist of 19 artists. Schneider, formerly the head of the Kunsthaus Bregenz and a 2005 Turner Prize jurist, was assisted by

his advisory counsel, which included the heads of the Centre Pompidou, MoMA, the Guggenheim and Tate. His jury included Daniel Birnbaum, Okwui Enwezor, Robert Storr and Ai Weiwei. Works by the shortlisted artists were exhibited at the Pinchuk Art Centre and at a palazzo in Venice during the Biennale. The 2010 prizes, copresented by Damien Hirst, Jeff Koons, Andreas Gursky and Takashi Murakami - four 'mentor' artists whose works constitute the core of Pinchuk's art collection - was won by Cinthia Marcelle of Brazil and Mircea Nicolae of Romania.

Winning did not noticeably

change the career trajectories of these two artists, both of whom were well established in their prospective circles already. But it surely didn't slow them down any, and I've no doubt the cash came in handy. The people who most benefit from the prize, however, according to Pinchuk at least, are his compatriots. In our briefly allotted exchange at this year's ceremony, the multibillionaire expressed eloquently his belief that contemporary art is potentially a more powerful catalyst of social change in the Ukraine than retail politics. "It is a very dynamic way to introduce new and revolutionary ideas from the West," he said. "It opens doors and prepares the way for true democratic values." Evidence of these new and revolutionary powers and values could be seen at the Pinchuk Art Centre, where, before each of my three visits, I saw long queues of young Ukrainians waiting patiently in the street for their turn to enter (true, admission is free, but there were two feet of snow on the ground and the temperature was well below zero). Once inside, they were regaled by a temporary exhibition on the first floor of Damien Hirst's Blue Paintings (2009). They saw the permanent collection - almost exclusively comprising blue-chip works from White Cube and Larry Gagosian. And they nibbled crudités on the top floor, in the city's only vegetarian restaurant.

The two remaining floors were filled with the videos, films, sculptures and installations of the shortlisted Future Generation Art Prize artists. Readers can find images of the artworks and bios of the artists on the prize's website. Suffice to say, here, that the work was uniformly rigorous, if, perhaps, for me, a little too confined within the academic strictures of



'curator art'. But still, I'm grateful for the opportunity to have met so many new artists, and I will follow them with interest – especially, in no particular order: Mykyta Kadan, from the Ukraine; Meiro Koizumi, from Japan (whose upcoming show at MoMA I strongly urge those in New York to see); Ahmet Öğüt, from Turkey; and João Maria Gusmão + Pedro Paiva, a conceptual duo from Portugal.

The awards ceremony, held at the Kiev Planetarium, was a well attended and flashy affair, hosted by White Cube director Tim Marlow. The special prize was awarded to the aforementioned Öğüt, Marwa Arsanios, from Lebanon, Rayyane Tabet, from Lebanon, Jonathan de Andrade, from Brazil, and Micol Assaël, from Italy. In his speech, Pinchuk generously promised to top up the \$20,000 prize, due to the number of artists sharing it.

The big winner of the night was Lynette Yiadom-Boakye, a British painter who, borrowing an idea from Belgian painter Luc Tuymans, destroys all canvases that she cannot finish in one day. It seems a bit of a stretch to describe the Central Saint Martins College and Royal College of Art graduate as part of a 'future generation': she's already an art star in ascendence, with critical reviews of her work in pretty much every art magazine you can think of, and gallery representation in London, New York and Cape Town (she's of Ghanaian descent). And she won, according to the jury, not just for her large-format 'gestural' paintings of black men and women on abstract backgrounds, but for her 'complex practice, which extends far beyond painting. Indeed, she is also active in literature as a writer of short stories and is currently working on a novel'. The 'complex practice' idea struck some as odd a bit like a writer winning a literary prize because he also painted portraits and is about to try a fresco.

I noticed fewer Power 100s at the

ceremony than in 2010 (in case you forgot, Pinchuk is number 32 in ArtReview's current list). The mentor artists were absent. Jurors Massimiliano Gioni and Hans Ulrich Obrist phoned their votes in. Even Yiadom-Boakye couldn't make it to the event. The jury members present, all drawn from the curatorial class, were Schneider, Nancy Spector, Carol Yinghua Lu, Agnaldo Farias and the Power 100's 2012 number one, Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev. They were, to a person, stone-faced and grim throughout the proceedings. The selection process had been difficult, they said. It had caused them considerable anguish, no doubt compounded by the lofty music and Marlow's fulsome patter.

"This feels like reality TV," I overheard a journalist say.

"Yeah," said another, "but not Work of Art: The Next Great Artist.

More like I'm a Conceptual Artist...

Get Me Out of Here!"

I'm a Curator... Get Me Out of Here! would also work. Christov-Bakargiev, when not demonstrating a predilection to maunder, bravely expressed some of the sources of her distress: "I don't like to be on juries and I don't like prizes"; "I don't like curators"; and "I hope next time we're not on the stage."

The contestants, however, appeared to be enjoying themselves immensely. Pinchuk and the wearied curators bowed out soon after the ceremony, but the artists partied till the wee hours. "The prize itself doesn't really matter, nor does the exposure," said André Komatsu, a smart young installation artist from Brazil. "It was just great getting to hang out with all these artists. We've had a blast." João Maria Gusmão. sipping champagne under the flashing lasers, provided an interesting summation. "When you get in a boat," he said with a shrug, "you get a little wet."

We all got a little wet.

Christian Viveros-Fauné, New York

Disregarding Warhol



'What's great about this country is that America started the tradition where the richest consumers buy essentially the same things as the poorest. You can be watching TV and see Coca-Cola, and you know that the President drinks Coca-Cola, Liz Taylor drinks Coca-Cola, and just think, you can drink Coca-Cola, too. A Coke is a Coke and no amount of money can get you a better Coke than the one the bum on the corner is drinking."

Not a clueless gaffe by a Republican presidential contender, this quote belongs to the late Andy Warhol, the number-one-ranked artist of 2012, according to Artfacts.net. Leaving aside the ludicrousness of a web-based ranking system pegged to something called an 'economy of attention' (Picasso is ranked second, Henri Matisse 45th and Lawrence Weiner tenth, suggesting the list's authors weren't paying much attention themselves), Warhol's candidly consumerist musings circa 1975 welcomed viewers to the Metropolitan Museum of Art's recent extravaganza, Regarding Warhol: Sixty Artists, Fifty Years. As with the business-friendly blockbuster show it introduced, Warhol's message today turns out to be – cue the so-called Party of Lincoln's defense of the megarich – both conservative and tone-deaf in the extreme.

A shallow-bottomed, over-thetop exhibition of some 150 conspicuous art trophies (from Jeff Koons to Cady Noland), Regarding Warhol provided little in the way of new insight about Warhol's cultural influence, while making two received arguments that appeared, on their face, immediately ridiculous. The first was the contention that Warhol, like oxygen, inspired virtually everyone who came into contact with his work, including artists such as Gerhard Richter, Alex Katz and David Hockney - close contemporaries who often arrived earlier than Warhol at key artistic breakthroughs. (Katz, for one, complains about being ripped off by Warhol's portraits in the exhibition catalogue.) Secondly, there was the show's absurdly broad contention that 'hardly an aspect of life has been untouched by Warhol'. Despite his once-radical deadpan embrace of the market and his Mormonpolitician's detachment (we now call it Asperger's syndrome), Warhol's 50-year-old-legacy currently has absolutely nothing new or constructive to say about the twenty-first century and its real-life cultural and economic crises.

Regarding Warhol confirmed as much. Besides being about as engrossing as one of Andy's screen tests, it boasted a backstory that amply deserved to be up in lights. The museum's first major foray this century into the cash-rich arena of contemporary art, the show constituted a transparent institutional play for patronage and prestige. A curatorial effort that was all about bringing leading contemporary artists (Richter, Barbara Kruger, John Baldessari, Sarah Lucas, Elizabeth Peyton...), galleries and collectors into the Met ahead of its scheduled 2015 takeover of the Whitney's Marcel Breuer building, this show gave unctuous voice to the sort of grasping. get-rich-quick opportunism that characterises the upper reaches of the artworld today. Recently described in Slate by fashion maven and erstwhile art-lover Simon Doonan as 'a vapid hell-hole of investmentcrazed pretentiousness', the top end of the trade has long had Andy's fingerprints all over it. Now that the museum has finally made its long-awaited bid for contemporary relevance, the Met has seemingly figured it's its own turn to get grubby.

Truth be told, no exhibition could be more out of sync with our present time than Regarding Warhol (now at the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh). As a display of expensive, often brilliant individual artworks, it constitutes an exhibition as a department store. As a curatorial or art-historical statement, it upholds a set of dull commercial values so tired that these can now be easily invoked by plutocrats and financial speculators the world over - in any language, this show is primarily about supply-side aesthetics. The problem with Regarding Warhol, ultimately, is that this show is so jazzed about the commercialisation of the avant-garde (text) and its appeal to high-net-worth individuals (subtext), it might have been organised by Warhol himself. Intellectually vapid beyond the cliché that the best art is 'business art', the exhibition proves the most banal kind of point - that a brand-name artist (a Coke) is a brand-name artist (another Coke) independently of historical shifts and attendant reevaluations an exhausted formula that today appears deep only on its surface.

Hannah Arendt coined the phrase 'the banality of evil' in her 1963 book *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. In *Regarding Warhol*, the Met has amply illustrated the evils of banality. Maybe that's what Julian Schnabel meant when he told Charlie Rose on his TV programme that Andy Warhol was the most misunderstood person since Hitler.

Sam Jacob, Design Space: the final commercial frontier

#### of NASA's Kennedy Space Center launchpad LC-39A is like standing at the base of an abstracted canyon. Its

Standing in the giant flame-trench

floor and walls are laid with ceramic tiles whose faces were once blasted by the fierce heat of rocket launches. To one side a concrete slope rises according to a shallow chamfered geometry way above our heads, its 5 percent gradient specific to the transporters that would crawl up the

tracks to deliver rockets here. Standing on top of this machined terrain are the frantically latticed gantries of the fixed and rotating service structures that once cradled spacebound rockets. They provide a grand silhouette that is both dense engineering and something that appears jerry-rigged. We might think of it as a mindboggling monument to the twin qualities of hyperprecision and ad hoc improvisation that seem to permeate the narratives of NASA myth.

LC-39A is where the majority of the Space Shuttles and all six of the Apollo missions that landed on the moon were launched. It is, as our guide says, the only place from which men have left the earth to set foot on the moon. If anywhere has been a gateway to the heavens, it's here. From the gigantic Vehicle Assembly Building to the Launch Control Center to the pipes and tanks that fed the rockets while they rested on their pads prior to launch, this is a landscape that was once the epicentre of a white-hot future: the pinnacle of science and engineering. human endeavour and heroism.

But now, mothballed after the Space Shuttle's retirement and prior to its conversion for use by commercial space companies, this feels like the most inert place on earth. Just as there is nothing quite

so unfashionable as the recently fashionable, there is nothing that seems quite so useless as the recently decommissioned. It's as though, at the point when something falls out of currency, an invisible animating spirit leaves the object's body. Everything that we saw in the space programme - the fresh vitality of nowness or the purposeful intent of use - has evaporated. Perhaps the magnitude of the flip from positive to negative state is in proportion to the scale of its previous fashionability or use value.

Maybe it's this that gives 39A the feel of something incredibly ancient. A visit to the Kennedy Space Center, with its redundant earthworks and structures that are there to service things that no longer exist, can trigger the kind of sensation one gets visiting, say, Stonehenge.

Kennedy Space Center is balanced precariously between the future and heritage. Thanks to its management by Delaware North Companies Parks & Resorts ('Our mission is to Provide Stewardship and Hospitality in Special Places Dedicated to Creating Memorable Guest Experiences as Unique as the Destination<sup>SM</sup>'), we can gawp at the awesome artefacts of the space age and simultaneously feel overwhelmed by nostalgia. Coaxed by giant screens playing scene-setting clips of the

Beatles, JFK in Ray-Bans, Hendrix and the Who at Monterey, ads for products long since discontinued and so on, we are led into the original moon-shot mission control where an actorless son et lumière show reenacts the launch countdown of Apollo 8. As the lights play across the banked primitive computer stations, the effect is somewhere between a ghostly reanimation and the Blackpool illuminations.

Kennedy Space Center is only partially a themepark, only half nostalgia. It's a weird semistate in which the difference between tourist experience and reality is hard to discern. During our visit we have lunch with a real astronaut, then meet a fake suited-up spaceman, with whom we have our picture taken. We go on a Shuttle simulator ride even as the real Atlantis sits shrinkwrapped in the next room. Tour guides and NASA employees seem almost interchangeable, and it's only the quiet pleas to pressure Congress to stop slashing space-programme funding that give the latter away.

Perhaps it's this that marks the real difference from Kennedy's heyday. After the Cold War imperative, after the cuts to NASA's funding, the American space programme has evolved from a state enterprise to a potlatch of government, commercial and, apparently, tourist interests. And maybe this is the best approximation of the future of space travel. Perhaps the future of space will see Delaware North Companies Parks & Resorts managing the foodcourt concessions on a moonbase and Richard Branson flying you there on a vessel offering the same inflight magazine as Virgin Trains, all heavily basted in space-race nostalgia. Maybe the future is already here, only it looks a lot less futuristic than it used to.

NASA is seeking to sell or lease the Vehicle Assembly Building and launch pad at LC-39A over the next few months. With commerciality, space - and the paraphernalia associated with it - is becoming less abstract, less otherworldly. In fact, we are reinventing the idea of space as something prosaic - a limitless business park with no up and no down. Space was once the arena in which the military-industrial complex acted out its fantasies; now it has become simply an off-planet extension of earthly concerns.



Raimar Stange, Berlin
Art-media city

What has long applied to German as well as international artists now increasingly applies to art magazines: more and more of them are moving to Berlin (or at least have a second office here). Texte zur Kunst, for decades closely linked to the Cologne art scene, has moved to the banks of the Spree. Not so long ago, Frieze started a sister magazine, Frieze d/e, which of course resides not in London but in Berlin. And Germany's most widely circulated art magazine, Art, based in Hamburg, has established itself here with two Berlin correspondents. What is striking is that foreign magazines are also being drawn into this maelstrom. The Swiss Kunst-Bulletin now has an office in Berlin, as does Camera Austria. The Italian magazines Cura and Kaleidoscope employ correspondents here. Spike, still located in Vienna, plans to open a 'Room for Discourse'. Joining the art magazines that have

moved in are original Berlin publications such as *Monopol*, the art fanzine *von100*, scene magazines like *Zitty* with their influential art columns and *Kunst-Magazin*.

On the one hand this concentration is good for the city, not just because all of these magazines are represented in Berlin but also because they help to create a pleasant, discursive climate in the art scene by hosting, producing or supporting various cultural events among them launch parties for new editions and programmes accompanying big events like Gallery Weekend or the abc fair. Some magazines, like Texte zur Kunst and Camera Austria, have even organised symposia on precarious artistic topics in the last few years. The number of art critics working and living in Berlin has also obviously grown significantly in recent years. But at the same time there is a danger that this growth will

onboard with him an unlucky white-

handled knife. But this jinxed object

plants a subtle fear, in Danny and the

reader, that something will go horribly

wrong. It's not a good sign that Danny

reach a level that threatens to overwhelm the scene.

Of course, this process is running parallel to the overall development of the 'operating system' for art on the Spree. For example, the glorious days in which you could discuss exhibitions you had seen with friends and colleagues in relevant bars are almost over. The abundance of exhibitions the number of galleries alone has increased tenfold since the 1990s makes it ever more unlikely that friends have seen the same shows. Similarly, the large number of major art magazines makes it even more difficult to have an overview of all the important reviews. Admittedly, this is complaining on a high level - but it should still be food for thought, because due to this overload, one activity is steadily becoming more important than anything else in the artworld: googling. Translated from the German by Emily Luski

Paul Gravett, comics
Will Morris
(see overleaf)

It's 1967 and the herring catch is rapidly declining. Changing tides bring changing times. The opening image of The Silver Darlings (2012), Will Morris's surprisingly confident graphic-novel debut from Blank Slate Books, set in a beautiful fishing village in the west of Scotland, shows a beach strewn with washed-up rubbish, tyres, wood and wreckage. It is an early omen of choppy waters ahead. The springboard for Morris's project was a visit to Dunure in Ayrshire, where he became fascinated by an information board detailing the local sailors' lore. Fishermen believed that they must never use Vesta-brand matches, never call a salmon a salmon but use 'winnish' or 'queer fellow', and blame bad hauls on witches squatting the hold, who would have to be flushed out with flaming torches. Morris found that "some of the superstitions I looked into were extraordinary, but I can well believe

how readily they'd develop if your lifestyle was as fraught with danger as that of a fisherman."

Morris's idea developed into the coming-of-age story of scrawny, gangly teenage landlubber Danny, trying to look grown up with his ginger peach-fuzz moustache. He's been roped in to help out on his dad's fishing boat for his last week of holiday before leaving for college in Glasgow. Danny has no time for this superstitious nonsense and decides to test the fates by smuggling

trips and bumps his head on his first morning and, with no sea legs, later loses his lunch overboard. One fisherman's knees have forecast bad weather, and as the sea begins to swell, Danny can't help wondering, 'With fishing as it was, all the expertise in the world was for nothing without a little luck.'

Morris is more used to dry land himself. "The closest I've ever got is on day-boats line-fishing for mackerel I relied largely upon books."

Morris is more used to dry land himself. "The closest I've ever got is on day-boats line-fishing for mackerel. I relied largely upon books like Angus Martin's *The Herring Fishermen of Kintyre and Ayrshire* [2002] and Redmond O'Hanlon's *Trawler* [2003], oral testimony from the great folk at Ayrshire Archives and a few wise words gleaned from online fishing-forums." The Cheltenhamborn Morris has moved to Edinburgh

but he's still a Sassenach, so he decided to pluck out only those vernacular words that are distinctly 'Scots' rather than trying to reproduce the language intact. Graphically, he has always been interested in the density and atmosphere you can create in black and white, and here he captures the rough waves, changing skies and vulnerable figures almost entirely in surging washes of grey on paper over his taut ink lines. The result is an understated, socialrealist evocation of a once-bustling industry, now all but vanished. "When you see photographs of those thriving fishing villages full of people and stories, compared to how they look now - very beautiful but very quiet there is a sadness. You realise how much has gone."

For his new Strip for ArtReview overleaf, he offers a previously unseen incident from The Silver Darlings, featuring Danny and his older, more worldly cousin James, who is set to take over the family business from Danny's father, for better or worse. Morris wanted to craft "a scene that captures one of the book's main themes: reflecting that awkward teenage state of growing up and how lessons are often learned through occasionally painful and frequently mortifying experience." Danny is in a hurry to grow up, but his luck is no better belowdecks.:





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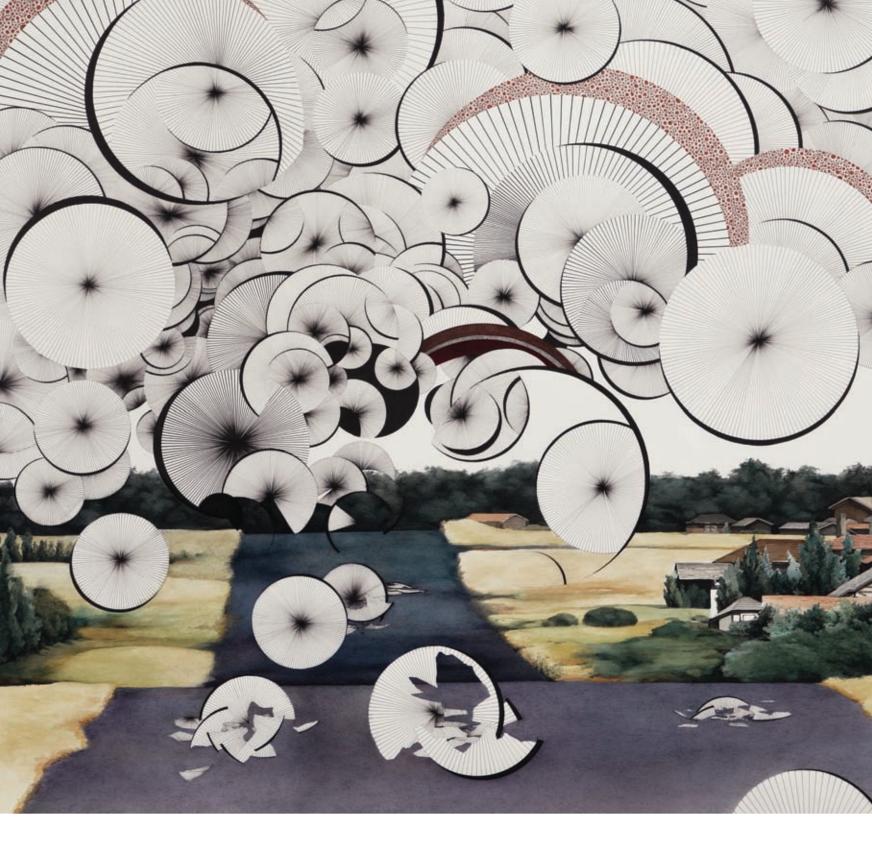








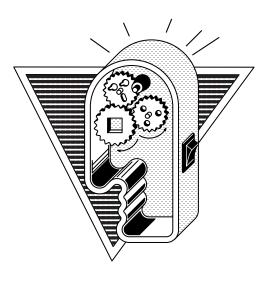




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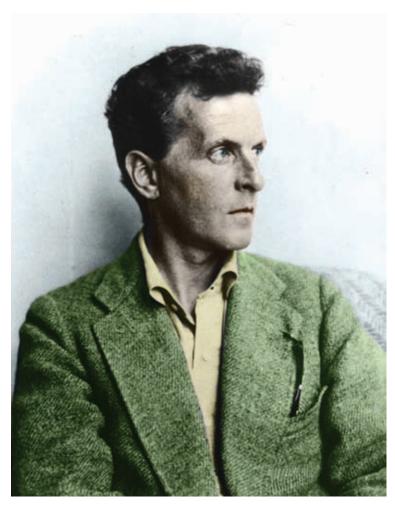
# Ludwig Wittgenstein. © 2013. Photo: White Images/Scala, Florence

# **Great Minds**



Great Critics and Their Ideas Ludwig Wittgenstein Interview by Matthew Collings

Other People and Their Ideas
Jerry Saltz
Interview by Tom Eccles



Great Critics and Their Ideas
Interview by Matthew Collings

## No 20: Wittgenstein considers Grayson Perry

Ludwig Wittgenstein was an Austrian-British philosopher who specialised in logic, mathematics, the mind and language. He died in Cambridge in 1951. His ideas had a profound impact on art appreciation and artmaking during the 1960s and 70s, particularly in the transition from an object-based practice to a concept-based one.

#### **ARTREVIEW**

Why was there such a buzz around your name among artists 40 years ago?

#### LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN

I suppose it was the time of Jasper Johns, and then Joseph Kosuth finding Johns impressive. And it was because of the idea of art as language, or of there being some connection between the two. With Johns it's the mismatch between image and word, and then an awareness of a dimension of painting that might have been thought of as ineffable immediately before that point suddenly becoming strangely different: brushstrokes possessing their own lively independence from description or depiction become almost more logical, readable and nameable than supposedly simple images or basic words. But they are all separated out and at the same time fused together, so a new model of 'the world' and how we 'are' in it is offered. I wrote about painting when I was alive, but not like that, and not very much. (As you know, I wrote very little.) It's more that my ideas were applied to art when art became something to be analysed by artists. I didn't demand that they do that. I said that it is through the various languages that we are constantly speaking that we create our life world. And then between the mid-1960s and mid-70s there was a radical change in the orientation of Anglo-American analytic aesthetics, whereby an ahistorical, psychologistic analysis of art and its appreciation was replaced by a historically

contextualised, sociological account. This was made possible in part, even if to some extent it was a reaction against them, by my researches into meaning. And in that same period there came a point where you might see a clock on the wall, a photo of the same clock next to it and then a dictionary definition of a clock, and this would be Kosuth in an art gallery, and it would be natural to interpret what you saw as something to do with me. Pretty heavy stuff: I mean, forceful in the sense that an art scene was completely won over, at least on the fashion level. You had to know my name.

#### Are you influential now?

LW In philosophy of mind I am important, but no longer in aesthetics and art production. I wrote down some reflections on the problem of choice, for example, and some of these were referred to by later philosophers attempting to explain new cultural developments. The idea emerges that the artwork serves as the embodiment of a multitude of choices made on the part of its author. The choice in John Cage's stuff, for example, is the choice to make no choices. But 'choices' today has different associations. I think of Grayson Perry. He's making a choice about identity on a personal level, and then other choices about other levels: the level of making, for example he's going to make pots and not get a factory to make them for him. It's a gesture against impersonal making

in art, and it's real, he really is personally making something. These choices are going on in a society where choice has become sinister, because it's often an illusion. Thoughtful analysers of post-Fordism demonstrate that we're self-subjugating or self-exploiting when we think we're free, or in those moments when we believe we've made choices about 'the self' but we've really only made certain moves within consumerism, which are not really choices at all.

#### Do you think Perry is serious?

LW It's an interesting question. It's certainly the immediate difference between him and Kosuth: one thinks of Kosuth's essay 'Art After Philosophy' (1969) as very serious, whereas Perry is a symbol of the fun that art now offers to a completely mass audience. Perhaps neither is quite true of course. I wonder what Perry is really serious about most. It must be difficult encountering him at an art event when he is dressed up as a woman. You are forced to act artificially. But then you have only become more aware than usual that all interactions at such events are highly artificial anyway. They're group rituals. But in this case it's one particular person's excessive artificiality that dominates. Perhaps he is most serious when he is making aesthetic proposals, that is, when he's making things - at least if you measure this kind of seriousness by originality and surprise. It's more a shock than an aesthetic experience. exactly, when you are forced, as a man, to respond without embarrassment to another man wearing a dress and makeup in a social situation (if you are not in drag yourself). But if you're asked to consider some shapes on a pot, and the shape of the pot itself, or some embroidered shapes, and depictions and words that the embroidery and the pot each support, then 'shock' isn't the word. But this large public for whom he is a positive symbol of progress is in fact encouraged to think of shock in both cases.

#### Who encourages them?

LW His PR people, the system of art today and the greater force that shapes this system for its profitmaking ends. You could say he does too. Or

you could see the aesthetic experience he offers with his pots as resistance against that greater force. You can see the shock therapy he engages in with his dress-wearing as resistance as well. But they are really different types of resistance. You know, of course, that I financially supported great artists such as the poet Rilke, the painter Kokoschka, and the architect Adolf Loos; I am responsive to the arts. And I think the best thing about Perry, as with great figures of the past, though not necessarily on their level (after all, posterity hasn't made its judgement yet), is that he works in a way that's quite free and fresh. And he plays the game of kitsch - with his adolescent drawing style, in particular, but also with his faux-naive narratives - in a way that still takes the other materials he's working with very seriously.

And Kosuth?

LW You mean what is the best thing? To answer that I think I would choose to think about the distance in time between now and the 1970s. And I would imagine in an ahistorical way

others you're dealing with something more refined, maybe not possessing much observable expression of feeling – much affect, that is.

You are very highly strung. Do you think art is better when it's passionate?

LW I like the political philosopher Chantal Mouffe's idea that passions should be part of democracy, and politics should be all about finding a way for passionate differences to come out, rather than creating a false impression that they have been removed, or must be removed, which is only repression, and often leads to an explosion of much more horrible and violent political passions. We see that in the various returns of fascism and right-wing popularism as the even more grotesque response to neoliberalism's relentless dominance. But in an aesthetic context I think 'passion' is a misleading word. Perhaps a more helpful issue is the difference between scientific and aesthetic proposals. Aesthetic experience and aesthetic appreciation - this is a pretty gripping area. I confessed in one of my journals

extremely grand house. Some of my brothers committed suicide. They all ran away. One just disappeared. Another went into a bar in New York, ordered a drink, swallowed it and then took out a gun and shot himself. Maybe I would have done something like it. At a young age I became morbidly obsessed with justifying my existence, but instead of leading to suicide, it led to an interest in philosophy. It led to Bertrand Russell. He was the great man then. He was generous, he allowed me in, he was full of confidence, and he built up my philosophical confidence, my powers of rational questioning. But then I was so confident I questioned his confidence, and my confidence actually started to break his down. He couldn't write the books he wanted to write any more, because I undermined the ideas he was expecting to elucidate in them. He couldn't believe in them.

> Next month: St Augustine on Texte zur Kunst

# SOME OF MY BROTHERS COMMITTED SUICIDE. THEY ALL RAN AWAY

someone thinking of him, in retrospect, as one of the quintessential conceptual artists. I'm also thinking of the description I just gave of that work featuring the clock with its different iterations. Now, you might think of Magritte's Ceci n'est pas une pipe, but you wouldn't necessarily have predicted in Magritte's time that such a proposal in the form of a self-questioning painting would ever take the form of Kosuth's definitions series. So once again I am exhilarated by the aesthetic surprise.

What about institutional critique? Do you think this is an important tendency in art now, is it legitimate, does it have anything to do with what you're saying about surprise?

LW Indeed it does. You have to adjust to a certain level of aesthetic horribleness in some cases, but in

once, in 1947, that I don't really care if scientific problems are solved, but aesthetic ones, yes. What aesthetics does is to make you see. That's all philosophy does. With aesthetics, you go from a description to further descriptions. You make someone see what music by a certain composer is doing by drawing attention to other music by the same composer, or comparing it with literature the person knows. You make them see what you see, by placing things side by side. You make unease disappear.

What do you think an artist needs in order to get anything done?

LW Confidence, I guess, like anyone doing anything. Belief. But they are elusive, and then when you get them, to a certain degree, enough to start being creative, you never know what the fallout will be. I come from a wealthy family that lived in an

### No 4: Jerry Saltz

Jerry Saltz is an art critic and columnist at New York Magazine, and was previously art critic at The Village Voice. He has been nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in Criticism on three occasions. In 2010 he served as a judge on the Bravo television series Work of Art: The Next Great Artist, and he is equally well known for his pioneering use of Facebook as a medium for art criticism. His criticism has been collected in two volumes: Seeing Out Loud (2003) and Seeing Out Louder (2009). He lives in New York City with his wife, Roberta Smith, who is senior art critic for The New York Times.



#### TOM ECCLES

Recently you asked your readers to produce a convincing 'Gerhard Richter' painting for which you would offer \$155. The point didn't seem to be the usual 'anyone could do that' response to contemporary art. After all, obviously not just anyone can paint a Richter. But why a Richter and not, say, a Cady Noland? Was the point really about technical virtuosity? I'm not sure. You made much of the value of a Richter painting today. But then again, a Cady Noland is out of most people's reach.

#### JERRY SALTZ

Ha! I should have known you'd start with that Richter business. There are so many answers to this question. The first is I wanted pretty shit on my walls. Beyond that, I think it's a conflict of interest for me as an art critic to collect then write about art. Famous critics have famously done this. Greenberg. Robert Rosenblum. Others. It's just not for me. Neither are the prices. I want all artists to make money. Yet a lot of art seems obscenely overpriced to me. Much of it the kind art collectors buy in public because other collectors buy it in

public. Dick-waving. But I like some of this art too. Like Richter. Then there's the business about skill and people thinking a Richter or Fontana or Ryman might be easy to emulate. One of my points is that these artists are way more complex than meets the eye. A John Currin might be much easier to make. More about just skill. Why did I offer such a low price? Originally, I offered any artist \$1,500 to make a copy of any artist. I got scared, so I took a zero off. Right now I have two Wade Guytons, a Damien Hirst (it's so cheery and modernlooking, what's not to enjoy?) and two Richters. Even if this work has no aura, each work trips off more than enough visual memory to trick me into thinking it's almost real. Which is real enough for me. I'd love a Cady Noland. In the Met's recent horrible Warhol show. Noland looked as strong to me as Richter and Polke. Anyway, this began as a lark. It then got way more attention than I imagined. And it really pissed scads of scolds off. Which made me feel like there might be something to it all.

As for my own 'real' art collection, my wife and I buy lots of five-dollar

ceramics and thrift-store paintings. For under \$20. No clowns. No dogs. I love the work of the great lonel Talpazan, a visionary whom I see once a year or so on the streets of New York, When he was a child in Romania he was abducted by aliens, taken aboard their spacecraft and 'probed'. He paints and draws this, as well as advanced alien propulsion systems. Also wandering around New York is another tremendous visionary schizophrenic, Melvin Way. I own one of his cosmic diagrams. MoMA should too. I also own a batch of what I call 'Details: Felix Gonzalez-Torres', Every Felix Gonzalez-Torres candy piece I've ever seen, I've taken a heaping handful of candies. I have them in piles around my house. My wife's favourite must be the butterscotch one, because it seems to be shrinking. One of the prized pieces in my collection is 'Detail: Spiral Jetty', a small piece of basalt I collected and labelled when I was there.

You get a lot of attention. But then again, in my time in the artworld anyway, you always did. In the mid-1990s your articles in The Village Voice prompted Black Friday-like rushes to get free copies out of the kerbside boxes on Wednesday afternoons. By the next day, I didn't know anyone who hadn't read your review, and alongside probably one or two other critics, your writing was not just influential but, rather, definitional. Significantly at that time, I think your writing was taken very seriously among artists - certainly in New York. You now write for New York Magazine, have starred in the reality series Work of Art, but probably more importantly, your Facebook has almost 35,000 subscribers and over 5,000 friends. I checked it this morning (on my daughter's Facebook) and someone calls you 'Art God'. Doesn't that worry you?

JS What you say about people always reading me is wonderful, but it surprises me. I'm always alone writing, so I've no idea what's going on outside my office. I always think no one's really reading and that if anyone else says one thing in an interview, this becomes fodder. I'd love to meet the person who wrote that I'm a god on your daughter's FB wall.

Early on I realised I wasn't satisfied with lots of things about art criticism. Obviously, critics are paid next-to-nothing. Still. I have no contract. No pension, Nada, But we

of a 5,000-headed FB beast having a conversation. After that I tried the TV show. That was freaky. People wrote regularly about how I was 'destroying' art and criticism. They could be right. The show was awful. But the show was never the thing for me. (Except as a way to get out of my office and eat free food.) The show was a way to see if I could do some of what the artworld is always saying it wants to do: open art up to the wider world, speak to real people outside the insular art bubble. By the end of the show, over 100,000 comments were entered after my wrap-ups. By

# I WANT WRITING TO FORM COMMUNITIES, CREATE A CHORUS, BE A LIVING TEXT OF COMPULSIONS

know going in that this is what waits for us. We're all lucky to be able to do what we do at all. Especially weekly critics published in print. After a few years of writing for monthly magazines, I knew I wanted to write weekly. I want my words out at the same time a show is up. Perform live. That way people can agree and disagree with me when I walk around. That was fun. To me, art magazines are sexy, but I don't understand a lot of the writing in many of them. I'm not sure who they're written for. Maybe just each other. Which is fine. (Although I hate how magazines have curators review one another's shows. as if critics are too limited or curators have to be handled like special cases.)

The other thing I don't like about criticism is the top-down structure. I don't like the one writing to the many. I want the many to speak to one another, coherently. I've tried as many ways as I can to see how this can be done. Not all of them work. I actively appeared in the comment sections when my reviews were printed, answering every commenter, respectfully. But this didn't seem direct enough. I was still the voice of authority, the critic speaking. On Facebook a filter finally dropped. The landscape got flatter. More equal. Intimate. Vulnerable. Fun. Each voice is identified by name and picture only. And it happens in something like real time. Criticism becomes more fluid, flexible, changeable. I love the idea

the way, I was paid under \$900 per episode before taxes.

Since art critics are paid nothing, we have nothing to lose. We should be able to explore as many platforms as possible to get our ideas and voices out there. I just wanted to expand the cultural coordinates of criticism, open up possibilities for myself and others, and do this while writing in colloquial English rather than artsy jargon. I want writing to form communities, create a chorus, be a living text of compulsions. Whatever, the last ten years have been the richest of my critical life. Even if it means being dropped from Power 100 lists. I was on this magazine's lists for a while. After Facebook, Twitter, my Vulture posts and TV I haven't been on one since. Ha!

Exploring new platforms that open up the world of art is one thing; building a broader community and extending access is of course the stated goal of museums, and their status as notfor-profit institutions is rooted in this educational purpose. Education does suggest there is something to learn and therefore there is something to teach. This has always come into question in the case of the visual arts even more so in the field of curatorial schools. The critic, however, plays that role of educator in a very public way (as well as tastemaker, advocate, dare I say theorist?). Are you proposing another model?

I think you're suggesting something else, but I can't quite pinpoint it. It's troubling. And I'm not sure whether you are being deliberately disingenuous with your declared embrace of a "flatter" world. On the other hand, might we distinguish between the 'world of art' and the 'artworld'? Or is it me who is being disingenuous?

JS It depresses me that you think I'm being disingenuous when I say that I find the strictures of traditional criticism limiting, authoritarian and presumptive. And that I'm not serious about wanting a flatter platform where critics and readers can exchange ideas without the same degrees of hierarchy and remoteness.

And I'm not arguing for a return to the Latin Mass!

JS I want the artworld to be as interesting as a great conversation in a bar after openings. Too many magazines and museums just hoe the straight, narrow and already-known. Are you saying that speaking plainly, without jargon, and wishing for inversions or permutations in power structures isn't applicable to museums? I don't think I understand you.

To me museums are sacred spaces, places I go to commune with the ancestors, and the heroes and heroines of the future. I talk to myself there. And change my world. They're town squares and temples. Ecstasy machines, wormholes, magic transporters. Of course, I think too many curators aren't in the least interested in 'education' and lean instead towards indoctrination. And imitation. Too many museum curators seem to select from the same preapproved cast of artists. I see too

many curators still curating artists who they've seen in other curators' shows. Some shows that cost millions could have been done for thousands. Others that took years could have been worked out on the back of an envelope in a bar in a half hour (the Met's recent atrocious Warhol show – four years in the making! – is a case of this sort of ridiculous self-importance and no one saying no). I'm amazed at how insular the curatorial field can seem. Even with all its talk about 'education' and 'the audience'.

The audience? You tell me why MoMA is still telling its audience the exact same story of Modernism when everyone knows Modernism happened not in a neat linear way but was more like a blend of everything coming from everywhere. For God's sake, in MoMA's permanent collection you don't see some of the most visionary artists of the twentieth century: Martín Ramírez, Bill Traylor, Henry Darger, Adolf Wölfli, George Ohr. If museums don't let more of the world in, soon the world will let fewer museums in.

To me, education has do with being open, flexible, alive to ideas from everywhere. Unafraid of getting things wrong. No one knows anything in art anyway. Not really. Education is making sure that you're not always showing the right artists who show in the right spaces and are written about by the right critics and curators and collected by the right collectors. The only thing you can be when you do this is... right. The more you think you're right, the more you define it to disallow things into the definition. And you'll kill it. I think Wilde said something like, 'The minute you think you know a work of art, it is dead to you.' I just think that a lot of curators need to turn the page and stop trying to relive the 1960s. And for fuck's sake stop selecting would-be Richard Prince, Andy Warhol, Gerhard Richter wannabe male artists in order to stake out the tiniest piece of curatorial territory in the known universe! How far up these artists' asses do you want to crawl?

I'm not kissing up here, Tom, but I love how open, adventurous, polemical and weird your shows often are. Although some of your choices and choosers strike me as a bit insular. I'm not naming names here. I do that every day in my criticism. I'll just say that the next time you do this, I'll tell you in print. By the way, Idon't consider myself a "tastemaker". That's what I fucking mean! Greenberg was a tastemaker! The guy was a bully. And his eye was pretty weak from about 1959 on. Tastemaking is often delusional.

I applaud your call for an open artworld in fact. And guilty as charged on the "insular" jab! As someone who has witnessed, and participated in, this enormous expansion of the interest in contemporary art over the past decade, are there any trends that do concern you? I'm not talking about the art market. Museums do seem to have adapted rather well to this changed condition, driving ever-larger numbers of visitors through their expanded galleries. If you go there today, as you say, "to commune with the ancestors, and heroes and heroines of the future", the experience can be more like a railway station than a cathedral.

JS I'm sorry for being an asshole, Tom. I got defensive. You're sure right about the "enormous expansion of the interest in contemporary art". You ask about museums, but I feel the "expansion" most in galleries. But not in the ways you might think. (Not DEALS ARE DONE,
CONNECTIONS ARE
ESTABLISHED,
EXHIBITIONS GET
SCHEDULED, FUN
HAPPENS, MAYBE
EVEN SEX

counting there now being over 500 Larry Gagosian galleries worldwide.) Starting in around 1999 I spent a decade writing geezer rants about the feeding frenzy of art fairs and buyers buying in public. I still can't go to art fairs that aren't in my own city. Now, however, it's clear that regular art fairs all over the globe are the way of the artworld today. Art fairs are fast ways for gallerists and artists to make money. In many cases enough money to fund operations for an entire year. Moreover, deals are done, connections are established, exhibitions get scheduled, fun happens, maybe even sex.

This has brought change. In New York, well before the destruction wrought by Hurricane Sandy, Chelsea and the Lower East Side were and are much quieter day-to-day. Now that the hordes go to Miami, London, Hong Kong or wherever to do their shopping fast and in public, galleries are much emptier. I don't see many looky-loos, tourists, art advisers, megacollectors, stretch limos and overall gloss.

I'm not sure what this means to galleries. On the one hand it's weird to see galleries so desolate. The silver lining may be that without the hordes, glitz and glam, the audience for gallery shows has shrunken to something like it was the time before the "enormous expansion". In galleries these days I see artists, critics, curators, you. In this way it may be possible to take back the conversation. Especially without holier-than-thou types pooh-poohing galleries for only being about money. I'm sick of people not appreciating New York's galleries as one of the greatest machines for seeing contemporary art that has ever existed in the history of the world. For free. Maybe if they don't pay a lot of money for something they can't see things at all. Whatever, for complainers the artworld is not good enough; contemporary art isn't up to their standards. To them we should all say, "Go away. We can't help you any more. Leave your money at the door." Either way, things are in spin. The crystal is liquid.:



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Image: The Erudition, Kelly Richardson, 3 screen HD video installation, 2010
Image courtesy of the artist and Birch Libralato
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ArtReview

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# **Simon Starling**

The artist continues to test the limits of what one can squeeze into – and out of – a work of art

By Mark Rappolt
Portrait and studio photography by Andrea Stappert

turns out that some of the stuff that's labelled 'beef' in our supermarkets isn't beef at all. It's horsemeat. I know that in some countries the horse is the superior delicacy, but here, where we never eat what we ride, this is serious stuff. The police have even taken time off from phonehacking investigations and the infiltration of suspect political groups to 'raid' several British meat firms. It also turns out that some of this horsebeef came from processing plants in France. And that those plants bought some of it from slaughterhouses in Poland. And that international criminal gangs are probably involved. And that it's all the fault of an EU law that changed the definition of meat on food packaging last year, forcing British meat firms to buy-in approved meat from foreign suppliers. I could go on here. Really. There's a new twist to this tale almost every day, and googling is a dangerously addictive thing. But the point I want to make is that for the past couple of weeks most of our newspapers have been decorating their front pages with photographs of 'beef' lasagne ready meals. And how and why an apparently ordinary object can come to represent a sophisticated network of international intrigue is precisely the kind of thing that British-born, Copenhagen-based

Here in Britain we've been having a problem

with our beef. You may have heard about it. It

artist Simon Starling has been exploring during his 20-something-year career.

Of course revealing the intrigue contained within an object doesn't have to be couched in quite as much hysteria as this beef business. Starling first came to the attention of popular (as opposed to contemporary art) audiences when he won the 2005 Turner Prize. One of his prizewinning exhibits was Shedboatshed (Mobile Architecture No 2) (2005), a shed that he'd come across during a bike ride along the Rhine, disassembled (having persuaded the owners to let him have it), reassembled as a boat, rowed to a museum in Basel, then reassembled as a shed and exhibited. You might argue that this is a better story than it is a shed, but as a work of art, the shed offered up an object for ontological (what is the object, a shed or a boat?) and epistemological (how do we know this?) discussion, while celebrating human craft and ingenuity, and suggesting that objects don't endure with absolutely fixed identities and functions.

There are plenty of artists who have explored similar issues during the course of the twentieth century – from Magritte and his pipes to Marcel Duchamp and his readymades to conceptual artists such as Joseph Kosuth and his chairs – but Starling's work escalates such issues





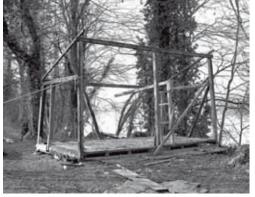
this page: Project for a Masquerade (Hiroshima): The Mirror Room, 2010 (installation view, the Modern Institute/Toby Webster Ltd, Glasgow, 2010), 3 of 6 wooden masks (carved by Yasuo Miichi), 2 cast bronze masks, metal stands, bowler hat, suspended mirror, dimensions variable. Photo: Keith Hunter. Courtesy the artist and the Modern Institute/Toby Webster Ltd, Glasgow

facing page: Shedboatshed (Mobile Architecture No 2), 2005, wooden shed, 390 x 600 x 340 cm, production photos, River Rhine, Switzerland. Photo: the artist. Courtesy the artist and the Modern Institute/Toby Webster Ltd, Glasgow

preceding pages:
Work, Made-Ready, Kunsthalle
Bern: A Charles Eames
Aluminum Group' chair remade
using the metal from a 'Marin
Sausalito' bicycle / A 'Marin
Sausalito' bicycle remade using
the metal from a Charles Eames
'Aluminum Group' Chair, 1997,
bicycle, chair, 2 plinths, glass,
vinyl text, dimensions variable
(installation views, Glasgow,
Kunsthalle Bern, 1997). Photo: the
artist. Courtesy the artist and the
Modern Institute/Toby Webster
Ltd, Glasgow





















on a networked, more human and less strictly philosophical or linguistic register. Yes, it can be nerdily complex – and there's a certain pleasure to be had in tracing that complexity – and it can be just as absurdly simple (see the titles of the majority of Starling's works). But most of all it's work that chimes directly with our post-Internet world, with its increasingly interwoven issues of environment, ecology, capital and globalisation.

Starling's work uses objects to generate sprawling tales - often concerning the fabrication, display and dissemination of art objects, woven together with their connections to the political, social and economic systems that more generally structure and locate the position of objects within the world. An early work, A Charles Eames 'Aluminum Group' Chair Remade Using the Metal from a 'Marin Sausalito' Bicycle / A 'Marin Sausalito' Bicycle Remade Using the Metal from a Charles Eames 'Aluminum Group' Chair (1997), features objects designed to hold stationary and moving bodies. The bike (exhibited leaning against a plinth) looks like a bike, and the chair (on a plinth) looks like a chair. But we know, on some originary level, that the chair was once a bike and the bike was once a chair, and then start thinking about the similarities and differences between the pair of California-designed objects. The objects become subjects – or at least the two categories become blurred. Quite literally in 5 Handmade Platinum/Palladium Prints of the Anglo American Platinum Mine at Potgieterus, South Africa, produced using as many platinum group metal salts as can be produced

STARLING'S ARTWORKS
TEND TO OPERATE AS BOTH
NARRATIVES AND
OBJECTS; START THINKING
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ITS SHEDNESS

from one ton of ore (2005), for which Starling travelled to platinum mines to make photographs of the mines using platinum from the mines. Project for a Masquerade (Hiroshima) (2010-11) is a more complex and recent work that spans a set of Japanese masks, nine characters (icons of the Cold War), a film and a proposition for a theatrical performance. Like several of Starling's works, it also incorporates the story of an artwork - a Henry Moore sculpture that exists in different forms and contexts (Nuclear Energy, 1967, a large public monument in Chicago, and a small bronze edition, Atom Piece, 1964-5, acquired by the Hiroshima Museum in 1987, shortly after Moore's death, the first appearing to celebrate the dawn of the nuclear age, the second, to mourn it) - and then poses questions regarding how we know what this object is. 'I like the idea that works don't die but keep being remade, reconstituted and retold in different ways,' Starling said in a recent interview with curator Francesco Manacorda.

It's tempting to think of Starling's work as the product of a postquantum (and with this, particularly for an artist who grew up during the last few decades of the Cold War, postnuclear)









this page, clockwise from top left: Simon Starling's studio, including sign by building entrance; two views of Denis Diderot, A Diderot Pictorial Encyclopedia of Trades and Industry; drawing table with catalogue from the Starling-curated exhibition Never the Same River (Possible Futures, Probable Pasts), 2010, Camden Arts Centre, London, a working sketch for Starling's Trois Cent Cinquante Kilogrammes par Métre Carré, Kunsthalle Mulhouse, 2012, 100 Chairs in 100 Days in Its 100 Ways, 2007, by Martino Gamper, conical borer and reamer

this page, from right: interior view of Starling's studio including, on the pinboard, a working sketch for Tate Britain Commission: Simon Starling. 2013, and the artist's Venus Mirror (05.06.2012), 2012; framed print from Illustrations for the Moon: Considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite, 1874, by James Nasmyth and James Carpenter, one of 25 prints exhibited in The Inaccessible Poem. 2011. Fondazione Merz. Turin, alongside work by Starling and other artists



age, an age of uncertainty and instability. In 1927 the German theoretical physicist Werner Heisenberg speculated that the more you know about the position of a particle, the less you know about its momentum (and vice versa). One could see Starling proposing something similar with regard to artworks. His artworks tend to operate as both narratives (velocity) and objects (position); start thinking about the boat bit of the shed's past and you cease to be thinking of its shedness.

The tricky thing, however, is judging to what extent the objects Starling displays are capable of divulging the narratives he conveys. Indeed many of his critics accuse him of loading objects with more ideas than they can communicate without the help of lengthy and involved background stories or explanations. But like the horsebeef (to take a relatively crude example), this is the case with most objects in



the world, which are, in essence, accumulations of data tracing their passage through space and through time. Some of this data is obvious in the object, some of it isn't.

It's a painfully cold January afternoon when I meet Simon Starling in Tate Britain's members' room. He's not allowed to discuss the specifics of why he is here. Not because he doesn't want to, but because exhibitions in these kinds of institutions need to be dramatic.

IT'S TEMPTING TO THINK
OF STARLING'S WORK
AS THE PRODUCT OF A
POSTQUANTUM AGE, AN AGE
OF UNCERTAINTY AND
INSTABILITY

So no one can know the details until 12 March, when his instalment of Tate Britain's annual commission series opens to the public in the institution's neoclassical Duveen Galleries. The official press release (which I'm handed) promises an installation that's going to be ambitious, new and site-specific. That's the lot. It feels not a little ironic to be chatting around this void of information, given the centrality of data to Starling's work. Still, some of Starling's

most intriguing projects have tackled the history and function of the art institution, the most recent example in London being *Never the Same River (Possible Futures, Probable Pasts)* (2010) at Camden Arts Centre, a show curated by Starling that featured 30 works by various artists installed in the exact positions they had been originally exhibited over 50 years of Camden exhibitions. That show made the institution's past present and invited the visitor to think of the passage of artworks and institutions through time and, like many of Starling's works, through changing contexts. If his project for Tate is anything like as good, it will be a show you won't want to miss. \$\$

Tate Britain Commission: Simon Starling is on view at Tate Britain, London, from 12 March to 20 October

# Baum 3, 2011, C-print on diasec face, Ed.: 5+2AP, 110 x 101 cm

# Ralf Peters

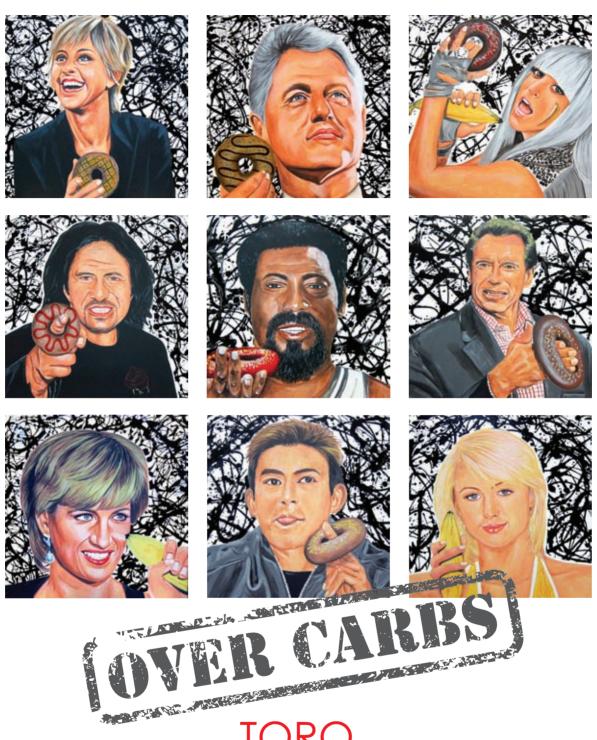
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St Sebastian of the Poppies (detail), 2012, Raqib Shaw. © Raqib Shaw Photo: Prudonce Cuming Associates Ltd.







# Li Chaoxiong

Wisdom of Cartoon





Pictured, Christopher Goh as Fan Shu in IMPIRIOSO.

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28 groundbreaking artists who will be making waves in the year to come

F U T U R E

GREATS

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# Sponsor's statement

EFG International is pleased to be associated once more with *ArtReview* and its Future Greats issue. The aim is to identify a new generation of talented contemporary artists, hopefully destined for great things.

This year, the selection of artists has been expanded in scale and scope, reflecting the increasingly global nature of contemporary art as well as its diversity. Drawn from across Europe, North America and Asia, the 28 artists encompass a range of cultural backgrounds and media disciplines – from painting and sculpture to performance, video and installation art.

To us, such themes of emerging talent, globalisation and diversity resonate strongly. We are active in over 30 locations worldwide, and our Client Relationship Officers craft solutions for a broad range of clients. For these reasons, we continue to relate strongly to the thinking behind Future Greats.

Keith Gapp Head of Strategic Marketing & Communications EFG International Practitioners of the craft of private banking www.efginternational.com

# Introduction

Time machines, crystal balls, Ouija boards, billion-calculation-persecond predictive supercomputers – we have none of these things at *ArtReview*. Yet every year we take a big collective breath and, along with a panel of distinguished artworld colleagues and friends, unveil to the world those artists we think are going to make their mark in the coming year. We call them the Future Greats.

These may be young artists showing remarkable promise or older artists who, while having worked consistently for many years, are only just gaining the recognition they deserve. In each case, they are artists who perhaps don't have big budgets or international commercial gallery representation, nor are settled into the regular exhibition circuits of biennials and big institutions. But they're artists whose work offers new perspectives on current debates, and the Future Greats issue is the way we at *ArtReview* can bring them to wider attention and attempt to map the issues and causes that concern art at this time.

The annual Future Greats selection seems particularly important at a moment when the prospects for emerging artists are that bit more uncertain and precarious, given the profound effect the economic downturn has had on younger, less established galleries and on the budgets of smaller public and nonprofit organisations, not to mention on artists' capacity to support themselves during the early (and financially less rewarding) stages of their careers. We're therefore extremely grateful to EFG International, who have supported the Future Greats feature for the past three years and have made it possible, in each of those years, to expand the quantity and variety of the artists we're able to bring to your attention.

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#### Mathieu Kleyebe Abonnenc

'Inheritance is never a given, it is always a task' – so wrote Jacques Derrida in *Specters of Marx* (1993), a line that Mathieu Kleyebe Abonnenc once cited in an interview, adding, 'It is this *task* that preoccupies me'. That the past might leave a responsibility or task for the present is felt in much of the polyphonic practice of the artist (French Guiana). As a result, his engravings, slideshows, lectures, sculptures and films often find their centre in those moments when historical truth, lapses in memory and the contestatory power of politically or culturally loaded images are in question.

With Abonnenc acting as a historian as much as an artist, his production often emerges from and is shaped by elaborate archival research, enquiries into modernity's postcolonial legacies and the reevaluation of forgotten, politically engaged figures. But while the histories of colonialisation or decolonialisation and the militancy they inspired recur as subjects in Abonnenc's work, the undermining of his role as auteur (in order to better circulate the work of others) is an equally insistent red thread in his oeuvre. Indeed Abonnenc's output is often made in relation to the specific legacy of others (whether Guadeloupian pioneer of militant cinema Sarah Maldoror, theoretician of

decolonialisation Frantz Fanon, African-American composer Julius Eastman or the Havana-based, leftist revolutionary journal *Tricontinental*).

His is an exploration of once politically potent acts - whether Maldoror's filming of Des Fusils pour Banta (Guns for Banta, 1970), a never-released film about the revolutionary struggle in Guinea and Cape Verde against colonial rule, or Tricontinental's transmission of images and information meant to represent and further the lusophone struggle for independence - which Abonnenc features in works that pay homage to the past as much as they reactivate for the present. Such works bear the imprints of a methodology and aesthetic sense that is Abonnenc's own, which can be as hesitant and questioning as it is critical and violent in its implications. Importantly, they also announce that in an artworld that often promotes either the apathetic consumption of spectacular goods or the celebration of radical chic, Abonnenc's complex interventions are neither.

Perhaps the best example of this is a recent project in which the artist dares to tackle politically compromised histories and create wilfully ambivalent objects that result, like his revisitation of Paolo Cavara, Franco Prosperi and Gualtiero Jacopetti's

#### selected by Elena Filipovic

controversial film Mondo Cane (A Dog's World, 1962), which is thought to have instigated as much as documented the colonial atrocities that it captured on celluloid. That film inspired one of Abonnenc's own, An Italian Film (Africa Addio) (2012), and its related objects, Untitled (Bodies in a Pile) (2012), for which he turned to a typical colonial act of appropriation, melting down a form of early-twentieth-century currency from the copper-lined region of Katanga in the Democratic Republic of Congo. The artist used precisely this metal, so imbricated in the West's interest in the Congo, to make a series of thin bars of copper, minimalist in form and roughly replicating human height - the 'bodies' of the title. Abonnenc's gesture, echoing the acts of Belgian colonialists when they discovered large stocks of such Katanga artefacts, inescapably asks if the offensiveness of the artist's act as a repetition of past acts could be expressed in the mute facticity of the resulting, almost elegant objects. In other words, can things speak of the violent processes (historical, political, conceptual) that rendered them possible? These, like so much of Abonnenc's work, thus take as their 'task' the attempt to render unspeakable histories that are glaringly palpable in our present. EF





from left:

An Italian Film (Africa Addio).

Première Partie: Cuivre, 2012, HD
video, colour, sound, 26 min.

Courtesy the artist, Pavilion, Leeds, and École des Beaux-Arts de Nantes

Untitled (Bodies in a Pile), 2012 (installation view, Rennes Biennial), copper rods made from smelting 10 early-twentieth-century crosses from Katanga, 180 x 2 x 2 cm each

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### selected by Beatrix Ruf

Lutz Bacher, who lives and works in Berkeley and New York, has been confusing her audience since the 1970s with equally amusing and evocative works that revolve around the mediation and commercialisation of individual and collective life-designs and identity models. Bacher, who has worked since the beginning under a gender-confusing pseudonym, uses well-known images from film, politics and advertising, whose appearances as well as meanings she distorts and deconstructs. Humour is paired with biting analysis, ostensible authority derived from competence and displayed amateurism - collective desire and collective weakness. Her media are diverse and heterogeneous: painting, photography, video, text, installations, collages, photocopies, objects - in all of which she shatters seemingly familiar pictorial worlds to make tangible the breakdowns and contradictions in the images and objects

of our social conventions and media fictions. Bacher makes use of all popular sources among them porn magazines, trashy literature, gossip columns, self-help guides and paparazzi photos. But she also uses items from the cemeteries of collective obsessions, found in secondhand shops and equipment stores of film production companies. She inflicts a type of physical or psychological 'damage' on these finds that concedes strange and new connections to items that were once disparate and fragmented. Identity and the construction of meaning from and for these items also play an important role in the numerous interviews about her work that the artist has undertaken over the years with friends, artists, curators and acquaintances. These interviews were published last year as Do You Love Me? - a title that Bacher has also used in many of her works and exhibitions. As was to be expected, these interviews disrupt expectation, as through them one finds out more about the discussion partner than about the ostensible subject – Bacher's work. Intimacy, subjectivity and assignment of roles are turned, twisted and utilised.

Bacher's appearances in the art scene have been rare during her 30-plus years as an active artist and are characterised by an 'artist's artist' status. In the past years her work has gained a larger audience, thanks to shows at the Kunstverein München in 2009, Cabinet in London in 2011 and Zachary Currie in New York in 2012. Over the course of 2013 Lutz Bacher will put on three separate exhibitions in Europe: in my own Kunsthalle Zurich, London's ICA and Portikus in Frankfurt. Alongside these exhibitions a publication of the artist's complete works will be released. *BR* 

Translated from the German by Emily Luski





from left: The Celestial Handbook, 2011, framed offset book pages, from suite of 85. Courtesy the artist and Ratio 3, San Francisco

Lutz Bacher, 2013 (installation view,).
Photo: Helena Schlichting. Courtesy
Portikus. Frankfurt am Main

Magnus Bärtås's most recent film, Biography (2012), tells the story of Ola S. Svensson, a chubby and eloquent boy with a convulsive laugh who became a cleaner and a student politician before dying of AIDS in 1995. In it, two young men, identically dressed, move around an empty contemporary classroom and use a gavel, a tambourine and an overhead projector to highlight the names of the people mentioned in a narrative that is told via a number of different voices (theirs included). Footage from Svensson's youth is interspersed with these modest images. The story is a sad one, about an outsider with special skills whose short life coincided with major changes in Swedish society. The film is typical of Bärtås's method of identifying something factual and seemingly ordinary, but which resides beyond normality, and then tracing its trajectory over time and space - creating a form of polyphonous portrait along the way.

Showing his films in exhibitions as well as in film festivals, Bärtås specialises in weaving together stories that quietly insist on being told. Sometimes they are orchestrated in installations, at other times they appear as coauthored books, such as All Monsters Must Die (with Fredrik Ekman, 2011). Its starting point is a tourist trip to North Korea, but the book ends up as a mix of travelogue and a reflection on obedience, sectarianism and the function of art. Its lead protagonists are the real-life Korean actress Choi Eun-Hee and the monster Pulgasari (who appeared in a lost South Korean kaiju film, from 1962, based on a Korean folk story that was remade, by the same director, according to revolutionary ideals in North Korea in 1985). Choi also features in the film that makes up one of two parts of Bärtås's practice-based PhD, You Told Me - Work Stories and Video Essays (2010), which examined narrative models in contemporary art, and the video essay as an artwork. This year his films will be shown at Oberhausen film festival, Haus der Kulturen der Welt, Berlin, and Reina Sofía, Madrid, among other places. ML







#### Jonathan Berger

I want to convince you that what Jonathan is doing is a totally different activity to that of a curator or even the-artist-as-curator, where an artist makes a show out of other people's work and we read it as an allegory for his/her own practice.

In January he opened a show at Maccarone in New York called *On Creating Reality, by Andy Kaufman*, a project presented in collaboration with the Estate of Andy Kaufman, Lynne Margulies, Bob Zmuda and Tony Clifton. The gallery contained vitrines filled with ephemera from Kaufman's unclassifiable life project. There were no labels

or text. Instead, people from Kaufman's life were physically present during the entire exhibition: people like his best friend Bob Zmuda one day and, on the next, Tony Clifton, the vile singer/comedian character played interchangeably by Zmuda or Kaufman. On Friday, 18 January you could have had an intimate, unscripted conversation with transcendental meditation teacher Prudence Farrow (Mia's sister and inspiration for the Beatles song). Kaufman was an avid practitioner of TM and a pupil of Farrow's.

Tony Clifton performed his act after the opening and, towards the end, said

#### selected by Carol Bove

emphatically, "A lot of people think I'm Andy Kaufman. If you want to see Andy Kaufman, you're going to need a shovel and a flashlight... 'cause this is a *Tony Clifton* performance." It was impossible to tell who might be under the bad wig and prosthetic jowls, and I'm sure I wasn't the only one who was forced to think, wait, could it be Andy Kaufman?

I think what's going on here is more like ventriloquism than curating, although I'm not sure if Jonathan is speaking through Andy or if it's the other way around. *CB* 





On Creating Reality, by Andy Kaufman, 2013 (installation view). Photo: Jeffrey Sturges. Courtesy Maccarone, New York

Transcendental Meditation Materials, 1968–1984, 2013. Photo: Jeffrey Sturges. Courtesy Bob Zmuda, the Estate of Andy Kaufman and Maccarone, New York Record Collection, 1958-1984. Photo: Jeffrey Sturges. Courtesy Maccarone, New York



#### **Hilary Berseth**

Drawing and sculpture share an inherent affinity, which at first glance has to do with their capacities for capturing space and holding it. Julio González synthesised this affinity in a single, and singular, practice. Artists such as Richard Serra cold-roll it. Hilary Berseth is peeling back a fold of that affinity, perhaps by desynthesising or decomposing it, and showing us new distillations and combinations, and how such an affinity may not be 'elective' after all. His electrochemical sculptures, in which copper and nickel grow tumorous organo-crystalline forms at their edges, hook sculpture's hard, dead materials - metal, plaster, concrete - back up to their élan vital. Think Brancusi's Bird in Space (1923) for an age whose main metaphor is no longer the machine but the network, the lattice and their infinite complexities. There is order in this chaos, however, as witnessed in Berseth's early Programmed Hives (2008), wherein honeycombs are built - by the bees, no less! - into complex geometries, at once regular and irregular. Berseth's drawings would then almost seem to belong to another artist entirely, until one takes note of their own complex aggregations: the image of a stairwell overlaid with one of a retina, replete with the halo of its optic disc (that is presumably doing the viewing); another of a diorama overlaid by the view one would see from its side of things. And then there are the mathematical models: perfect renderings in graphite on paper that are then backed by steel plating and mounted in three dimensions - model and copy in one. 'To draw in space' is how González described 'this new art' forged from 'points in the infinite' (he was speaking of stellar constellations). Berseth knows what he means. JTDN



from top: Programmed Hive #6, 2008, honeybee comb on board mounted on hive super, wood, polystyrene foam, wire, metal, paint, 112 x 64 x 57 cm

Model II, 2010–11, graphite, fixative, paper backed with steel, 43 x 31 cm

Plated Point 3, 2012, electroformed copper on plaster base, 51 x 51 x 38 cm

All images: courtesy the artist and Eleven Rivington, New York





#### Ben Cain

If Ben Cain's arch and elusive work slips from sculpture to installation to video, performance and text, its common concern is the way we think of art as 'work'. Shrewdly navigating current theoretical debates regarding art's ambiguous relationship to industry, commodification and immaterial labour, the Sheffield-born artist is interested in how artworks, of whatever type, might question us about what we think they're doing and, by implication, what 'work' we think we're doing when we're paying attention to them. At the heart of Cain's work is an interest in remixing terms often thought of as mutually exclusive and oppositional - passive/active, spectator/performer, object/action, producer/ consumer, text/image. So installations of carefully designed and crafted objects are attended to by texts that allude to the process of their own making, and to how we ourselves are part of the 'production' of art. In Cain's one-day exhibition So, This Object (shown in Zagreb's Galerija Greta in 2011), for example, wall texts narrate absurd ontological possibilities for the stolid, faux-marble sculptures that occupy the gallery: 'So, this object/leaning against the wall/has been waiting here all day/and now it's waiting/for you to leave so that it/can do something else.' Of course, artworks can't do something else. But Cain's aim is to break up any stable sense of our own spectatorship, diverting us from a single version of what we're doing into a playful to-and-fro about what we could be doing - before, now and after. If Cain's works often refer to tools, tool use and the act of making (as in his 2009 exhibition The Making of the Means, at WIELS, in Brussels), or are formed by elaborate performed acts that turn people into products (as with his performersas-letters alphabet book, By-Product, 2012), they do so to unpick how activity, work, production and reflection are more deeply intertwined than we might ever realise. JJC









from top:

Dear Pre-Modern Thing,

2012, bricks and mortar, giclee
prints, handwritten text on
paper, dimensions variable

The Other Workshop, 2011 (installation view, Herbert Read Gallery, Canterbury), wood, 3 videos with sound shown on monitors and flatscreen, giclee prints, clay, clay wash, drawing on paper, dimensions variable

Work in the Dark, 2012. Photo: Kristof Vrancken. Courtesy Manifesta 9, Genk, and David Roberts Art Foundation, London

So, This Object, 2011 (installation view, Galerija Greta, Zagreb).

#### **Benedict Drew**

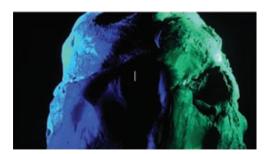
I first saw Benedict Drew's work in 2012, in Newcastle, as part of a festival of audiovisual art themed around slowness – a rubric that felt at first apt and then, as his work unfolded, something of a misnomer for the 2011 Slade graduate. Drew's multiroom installation, *The Persuaders* (2012), led one from eerily cheery anthropomorphic faces, made from protractors and cut-out stars placed on old-school overhead projectors, past lumpen and queasy sculpted figures, the sound of *Clangers*-ish whistles and synth blurts (pointing up Drew's substantial background in experimental music;

indeed, few artists currently integrate the two worlds so coherently), towards a five-minute HD instructional video designed to guide breathing. Beginning fairly dreamily, the film steadily accelerated – intercut with short text injunctions (eg, 'quit your job and leave the capitol' [sic], 'occupy public space') and gnarly noise with synchronised blasts of urban imagery – until, if you followed its advice, you were hyperventilating.

In the HD video *Phase III* (2012) – part of the artist's tiered *Gliss* project for London's Cell Project Space – Drew constructs a miasma

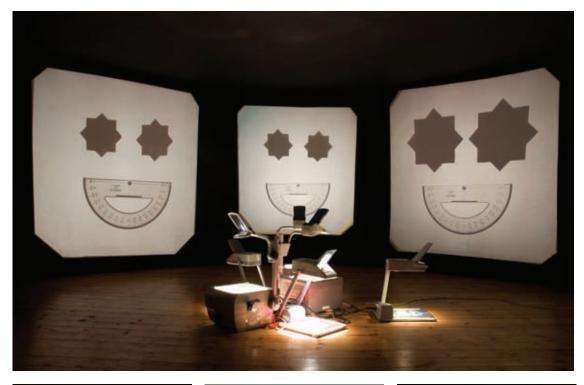
#### selected by Martin Herbert

of ominous, Hubble-like abstractions in which clay forms are digitally manipulated, finally settling on a recalcitrant lump of clay, animated and intertitled in ways that express a generalised resistance. It's comic yet fiercely lucid regarding the liminal zone between physicality and the digital, and the domineering instrumentalisation of technology, reality and illusion. These concerns are hardly Drew's alone, of course; but when he voices them, you're unusually compelled to stop and listen. Resistance, ironically, is futile. *MH* 









from top: Gliss: Phase III, 2012 (three installation views, Cell Project Space, London). Photos: Milika Muritu. Courtesy the artist, Cell Project Space, London, and Matt's Gallery, London

The Persuaders, 2012 (four installation views, Circa Site, Newcastle upon Tyne). Photos: Colin Davison. Courtesy the artist, Circa Site, Newcastle upon Tyne, and Matt's Gallery, London







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#### Michaela Eichwald

A strange collection of objects and materials are embedded with Michaela Eichwald's brilliant, surreal paintings and sculptures. Cement, wood preserver and wax are sloshed onto canvases along with smaller paintings or booklike appendages. Coins, pins, pebbles, fishing tackle and half a boiled egg are among the small objects dropped into resin-filled rubber gloves, plastic bags or

bottles, becoming fixed for perpetuity in the piss-coloured sticky clods that crown her sculptures. It's the casual accidents and ephemeral minutiae of our world – the stains and the scraps – that assume focus in Eichwald's compositions. With titles such as Sehnsucht nach Abstraktion, Anti-fun und dem Beginn des endlichen Lebens (Desire for Abstraction, Anti-fun and the Beginning

# selected by Michelle Cotton

of Finite Life, 2011) or the more earthy MILF, Eichwald's work has as much humour as beauty.

An artist and writer, Eichwald was a protagonist of the Cologne art scene during the 1990s before she moved to Berlin, where she currently lives and works. Last year she was awarded the 2012 Prix Lafayette and this year she will have a solo exhibition at the Palais de Tokyo, Paris. *MC* 







clockwise from top:
Desire for Abstraction, Anti-fun
and the Beginning of Finite Life,
2011, resin, newspaper, printed
acetate ("heart", 'chicken'), wooden
toothpicks, 'Zuchtperlen' label,
ceramic, grater and lacquer,
35 x 8 x 8 cm. Courtesy Vilma

De Volkskrant, 2012, acrylic, oil, woodstain, paper, lacquer on fabric, 300 x 125 cm. Photo: Mathew, Berlin. Courtesy the artist

MILF, 2011, resin, photographs, photograph of exhibition preview card, twig, fishing tackle, 'L' brooch (metal), plant food, lamp stand and lacquer, 30 x 10 x 10 cm.
Courtesy Vilma Gold, London

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#### **Brock Enright**

With the poetic statement 'My art is like the weather', Brock Enright announces a practice of the kind of vision and scope that I find compelling and inspiring: a perfect storm. Enright maintains a fearless attitude towards the creative act, along with an extraordinary artistic skillset, which enables him to actualise in any artistic medium. He ventures out into territory that reminds me of Miles Davis playing a few notes that can make you cry.

I do not profess to say I understand his work completely; however, it is simple, which is exactly what moves me and draws me to it.

His work is not 'about something' but rather *is* something. It holds fast to the idea that an artistic act is performative in nature. The work that illustrates this best is his ongoing sculpture series *Parcells*, a word that describes an object ephemera that has been created by an action, not just physical materials.

The thread that is woven throughout Brock's vast material list and seemingly unrelated works creates a strong webbed system. It is a meshwork for one to explore and meander through. He does this in the hope of continuing the conversation of the creative act and discovering or rediscovering what is overlooked or invisible.

Brock has gained a certain degree of notoriety because of a company that he created as a 'sculpture'. But his work is much more than just this one thing that has been sensationalised by the media.

In his recent 'light drawings', the lines are actually excisions from a mirror's surface, which makes them negatives. These works carry in them much of what Brock pursues in his work. Almost mystical in their elegance, they are a paradox.

While I see many young artists trying to fashion a truth, Brock's extraordinary energy and gifts are focused like a laser beam on telling the truth. His various bodies of work can be daunting to penetrate, but given time, one will find through them an artist of great vision and relentless courage. *RL* 







Meditating Boy in Poppy Seeds, 2012, poppy seeds, plaster, resin, Ritz cracker, thread, dimensions variable. Courtesy Kate Werble Gallery, New York

Her Fig Leaf, 2012, plaster, 20 x 10 x 13 cm. Courtesy the artist and Kate Werble Gallery, New York Autumn 5 and Autumn 6, 2011, mirror, metal and fluorescent tube lighting, 122 x 183 cm. Photo: Elisabeth Bernstein. Courtesy Kate Werble Gallery, New York

#### **Lauren Godfrey**

The first Lauren Godfrey work I saw, *Spaghetti alla Vongole* (2011), had the title words chipped carefully out of clamshells, laid on a strip of angled steel reminiscent of an elongated Scrabble tile-holder, lying on top of a tea towel. The second, *Ravioli Blank* (2012), was a screenprint: a line of yellow, uncooked ravioli squares along the bottom of a large black rectangle, held up on the wall with the metal tip trays you get in restaurants. Both had a formal delicacy and pared-down aesthetic – very ordered and serious about their status as art despite their materials. Along with her use of pasta, Godfrey references other markers

of Italian taste and design, such as a Memphis bookcase copied in strips of sponge, dipped in paint and used to print its image directly onto the wall; and a long, narrow rectangle of white silk printed with blue dashes and stretched between two art deco-like stands, far apart, looking like a tennis net crossed with a deckchair from the beach at the Venetian Lido in 1910.

Various yet precise – pasta shapes function as writing and drawing at the same time. Consisting of flour, water and egg, a supermalleable form, pasta also has a limited vocabulary of properly named varieties, which,

### selected by Rosalind Nashashibi

in Italy, must go with certain sauces – there are rules. This could be why pasta comes so close to language in Godfrey's work, which is clever, but funny too, because these remain pasta shapes. The British aspiration to Italian taste and elegance is 'got', subtly and surprisingly in her work – the confidence and luxury of Italian design; what the highly expressive Italian language means to our British literary imagination; and how we can play with those graphic pasta squiggles, squares and signs – from a safe distance, because their rules don't reach this far. RN







clockwise from left: Ravioli Blank, 2012, four-colour screenprint, tip trays, 84 x 59 cm

Spaghetti alle Vongole, 2011, clamshells, steel, tea towel, 130 x 70 x 10 cm Salsiccia e Finocchio, 2012, Jesmonite, marble dust, pigment, Perspex, brass, 50 x 50 x 4 cm

All images: courtesy the artist

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#### Samara Golden

'Otherworldly' is a little too ghostly and 'ethereal' too angelic: Samara Golden is an 'interdimensional' artist. She apprehends lost souls in humble masks, their faces burned into mirrored polystyrene (a favourite material). She builds sets that make the interdimensional seem less a cosmic place than an interior being, brightly prismed. Diving deeply into the other side of the looking glass, with all its concomitant absurdities and doublings, confusion and bemusements, Golden finds in her mirrorworld wanderings a powerful, melancholic kind of beauty.

At Night Gallery in Los Angeles she managed this crossover in a sanctum titled *Rape of the Mirror* (2011). Fantasyland intrudes into reality and the result is messy. The clear blue wash of *My Blue Heaven*-coloured wallpaint feels synthetic, oppressive. The bed cascades with a sheet of broken mirror, reflecting a monitor featuring a woman, Samara Golden, desperately weeping, the splash and paddle of waves flowing in and out. Weird scenarios not meant to be understood play on other screens, such as faces cooking in frying pans. There's an eerie feeling that you have unsuspectingly

# selected by Andrew Berardini

slipped into the scene, chroma-keyed into someone else's dream, and if you look closely, you have. Much of the installation is constructed of cheap polystyrene, the modern building material only giving the illusion of form in the same way that mirrors only give the illusion of presence. A spectral tragedy, paradise lost, like that scene in *Labyrinth* (1986) when the Jennifer Connelly character realises that the crystal ball is Jareth's illusion, an enchanting trap in a glass sphere.

When fantasy penetrates reality, strange things happen. *AB* 







Rape of the Mirror (installation views, Night Gallery, Los Angeles) 2011, mixed media and live video. Courtesy the artist

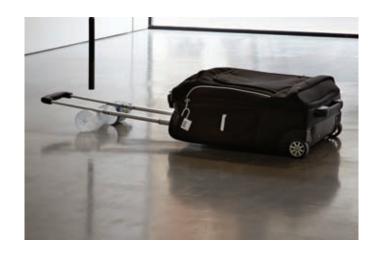
#### selected by Chus Martínez

#### Natascha Sadr Haghighian

The term 'material', referring to culture, appeared for the first time during the nineteenth century. Objects, including the distinction between object, thing, artefact and work, have been the subject of investigation for many anthropologists who, since the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, have been reflecting on man's ability to turn materials into utensils. Human capacity for the study of the different materials, their resistance, flexibility, hardness, elasticity, transparency, brightness and colour, and of almost anything that can have a practical or ornamental utility, has come to fascinate an incipient science of the human.

Let us imagine a work of art that completely reverses our ideas about matter and its culture. A work that, in assuming a political vision of the real, avoids representing it. A work that takes a different form and is able to speak a different language every time you encounter it. From sound to sculpture, installation or performance, video or even documentation, all depends on the question art faces. This is the work of Natascha Sadr Haghighian. It studies how we force things to challenge the world we are living in and is interested in how we relentlessly seek change. Her multiform and eloquent praxis is based on a continuous research into the paradoxes that help us to understand experience, language, relationality and politics today. CM





from top:
Enterprise: Bermuda, 2000,
collective performance, video
installation, publication, print

De Paso, 2011, sound installation, mixed media

Empire of the Senseless Part I, 2006, motion detectors, spotlights, contact microphones, text by Kathy Acker

All images: courtesy Carroll/ Fletcher, London







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#### **Gabriel Hartley**

Gabriel Hartley's *Trousers* (2011) is a monumental standing sculpture made from paper, resin and fibreglass. A crumpled cylinder painted in seven sections of different earthy tones that folds back on itself at its apex – it is formally compelling while also appearing purposefully absurd – like circus clothing imagined by John Chamberlain for a melancholy stilts wearer. One reviewer found enough knowingness and comedy in Hartley's sculpture to praise it for its 'parodic levity'. Hartley – who left the Royal Academy Schools in 2008 – finds jokey readings of his work problematic, although he doesn't

resist them. He speaks admiringly of the humour in Paul Klee's work as something that is just there in being human and creative, and that will out in good work, without the need for any posing.

Hartley's method, however, is far from ingenuous. It operates largely through strategies of display and concealment, as evidenced in his elegantly improvised paintings. These appear at first to sit squarely within the tradition of informal abstraction, but Hartley obscures matters by introducing process when his compositional searchings are complete. Carefully applying spraypaint

#### selected by Peter Peri

over the finished oil as a final layer – which he likens to putting on makeup – he creates a softened, flattening impression, as if the painting were being viewed in some sourceless, raking light.

Speaking of these paintings, Hartley states, "The forms are continually melded, erased and worked over, yet they seek to evade any sense of incertitude or struggle but rather create a sense of mischief and play." As in his sculptures, complex motivations are combined to fuel work that is both subtle and vigorous. *PP* 





clockwise from left: Smirk, 2012, unique c-print with abrasions and charcoal on fibre paper mounted on Sintra, 86 x 61 cm. Photo: Mark Woods

Heel (installation view, Josh Lilley, London), 2011, paper, resin, fibreglass, spraypaint, 100 x 30 x 20 cm Trousers, 2010, fibreglass, paper, 254 x 89 x 28 cm. Photo: Andy Keate

Trousers (detail), 2010, fibreglass, paper, 254 x 89 x 28 cm. Photo: Andy Keate

All images: © the artist. Courtesy Foxy Production, New York





#### Sasha Holzer

Sasha Holzer's woodcarvings have been great throughout their 30-year development: his obscurity as an artist, however, has nothing to do with artworld neglect. Holzer has never sought out recognition but has chosen instead to quietly pursue his own self-generating goals in total seclusion from the artworld and the pressures of exhibiting. During this time he has made numerous shallow relief woodcarvings, which have evolved from characteristically gridded ones - resembling sections of a potentially infinite pattern - to more recent ones that have a sense of formal containment and in which images have started to appear. The earlier work arouses disorientating optical sensations and a sense both of a dematerialisation and a heightened sense of wood simultaneously. Their geometric structure has recently relaxed and has begun to suggest the emergence of figurative elements, often with Arcadian associations: wheatsheaves, foliage and nudes all take on a quality of shimmering perceptual ambiguity. With its repetition of more organic and curvaceous grooves, his recent work creates a space contained by the frame rather than cut by it, and his repetitions now seem to generate a reverberative quality in their half-evoked images. Now that he has chosen to exhibit for the first time in three decades, I am sure I will be sharing the experience of Holzer's future development with a growing public. JS





from top: Untitled, 2010

Untitled, 2011

Both images: courtesy the artist

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#### selected by Áron Fenyvesi

#### **Daniel Jacoby**

I'm not interested in Peruvian artist Daniel Jacoby just because his most recent solo exhibition, which opened last December at 1646 in the Hague, had one of the longest, coolest and most poetic titles I've come across: A Mount-Rushmore-Resembling Piece of Cheddar Cheese Melted to a Perfectly Flat Squared Slice. I'm also interested in his works because they seem to be a genuine breath of fresh air within the walls of institutions that currently favour a heavy and rigorous documentary context.

Jacoby, on the contrary (and bravely), likes to tell stories in his own way, particularly via the use of elastic and ephemeral forms. His most recent towel sculptures, together with his previous 'metanarrative' installations (which can be described as 'smoking glasses of Coke floating together on carpets with a set of sticks of a ball-builder game'), bear witness to the process of their creation. Viewers are invited to take a joyride in the studiolike brain of Jacoby, which can sometimes feel like ascending an M.C. Escher staircase.

You do have to work to dig your way into Jacoby's works, of course, but you don't fear feeling stupid along the way. Jacoby makes you lament and think, but without using upfront didacticism: looking at his works is more like listening to poems. The structure of his work reflects and incorporates new short ways of communication, alonside enigmatic works that focus on misspellings and the reading and interpreting of signs, such as the neons signs of Casino Luxembourg, with which he tampered as part of a project that began at the institution in January of last year and (with the help of a series of collaborators - a photographer, a graphic designer, a composer, a writer and a 3D designer) involved creating an imaginary, fictional Luxembourg. Jacoby is still experimenting, and fortunately he is not yet coherent and calculable enough to become too grey and conformist. You might miss something big by not following the path of the Peruvian artist, now residing in Frankfurt after an impressive career start in Barcelona. AF

from top: Latsempoar (detail), 2012 (installation view, Casino Luxembourg)

Latsempoar (detail), 2012 (installation view, Casino Luxembourg)

Latsempoar, 2012, intervention on Maurizio Nannucci's neon sign All Art Has Been Contemporary, Casino Luxembourg

All images: photos Andrés Lejona







#### selected by Mark Rappolt

#### **Leopold Kessler**

Even I'm not sure about the rules of this Future Greats business sometimes. Does having a Wikipedia page mean you're already too famous to go in? Does having a Wikipedia page about you mean that you're famous at all? Probably not, but it's a conundrum that this German-born, Vienna-based artist might appreciate. His work consists of (generally) modest gestures, often executed in public spaces (as opposed to galleries) that make the everyday extraordinary, and expose the unwritten rules that shape our ideas of what society is and where ordinary people fit into it.

The first work of his that I encountered was Lucky Day (2009), a video documenting a scam in which people 'find' a golden ring, suggest that it is yours and then appear to offer it to you, telling you that it is lucky, before then asking for money. The video, apparently shot via a hidden body-cam on the person of a visitor to the Louvre shows the first interaction rather than the second. The fact that the rings (five of them, reminiscent of wedding bands) are also displayed raises questions of agency and intentionality - is the scene staged for the purposes of an artwork? Did the artist pay the ring-finder? Do both parties understand the game that's being played? What kind of relationship do they have?

Other works involve giving cigarettes to people who ask for one in the street only if they agree to be photographed ('capitalising the situation', the artist says); offering 500kg of canned dogfood as a free picnic to Vienna's hounds; or in Fence Sharpening (2010), creating video footage of two workers armed with files and angle-grinders, sharpening the ornamental tips to iron railings that distinguish (rather than protect) private residences from the public pavements. In his most recent solo exhibition, Collagen und Monument (Collages and Monument), which opened last November at Galerie Andreas Huber in Vienna, Kessler appeared to have evolved this practice into something approximating a more conventional gallery show, dominated by an enormous (2m3) dental mould of a set of teeth and riffing off previous examinations of the boundaries between public (teeth being a public display of health and wealth) and private (the individuality of dental records, ingestion, internal health). This was enhanced by a series of collages featuring onlookers pointing up at extravagant loft developments, and others exploring collected imagery of fitness, slimness and general healthiness. Leopold Kessler should be famous, for so delicately dissecting the society in which we live. MR

from top: Monument of Dental Health, 2012, 166 x 180 x 200 cm. Photo: Georg Petermichl. Courtesy Galerie Andreas Huber, Vienna

Lucky Day (stills), 2009, video, sound, 2 min 22 sec. Courtesy Galerie Andreas Huber, Vienna











#### George Little

George Little's paintings are figurative, abstract and patterned with crowded facades. They are both decorative and modernist, perhaps in the shadow of Matisse, whose 'unsettled life' and stained glass from the chapel in Vence is the subject of one of Little's works, *Unsettled Life*, *Henri's* (2012). They more usually feature the trappings and detritus from restaurants; for instance, a repeated white folded line, like the bobbing crest of a wave,

becomes a parade of napkins in a beautiful little painting called *Waiting* (2011). Another painting is titled *Menu for a Better Life* (2012), and for this work Little cites Adolf Loos's Café Museum in Vienna as an inspiration. Taken together, these two things lead me to think that his work straddles the border between the cleansing ideals of the modernist aesthetic and the ecstatic ritual, manners and gluttony of productive restaurant life.

## selected by Rosalind Nashashibi

Sometimes the paintings look as if they have rectangles of glass placed over them. This device seems to resurface areas of the canvas, altering the focus, and suggesting the frosted glass of the elite restaurant or gallery frontage. Through these painted panes you can make out forms that could be root vegetables or ornate cushions, I can't quite tell; and it's this border zone that makes the paintings so unexpected and troubling. *RN* 





clockwise from top: Unsettled Life, Henri's, 2012, oil, acrylic, spraypaint on canvas, 170 x 60 cm. Courtesy the artist, Saatchi Collection, London, and Ana Cristea Gallery, New York

Menu for a Better Life, 2012, oil, spraypaint and acrylic on canvas, 40 x 50 cm. Courtesy the artist and Ana Cristea Gallery, New York

Waiting, 2011, oil, acrylic, spraypaint, parcel tape on linen, 20 x 25 cm. Courtesy the artist



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#### Pat McCarthy

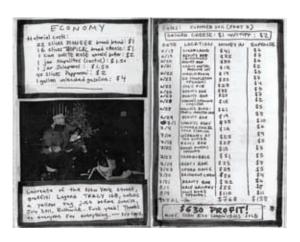
Pat McCarthy is important because of a sculpture called *CheeseBike*, a moped he turned into a cheese sandwich delivery system. The piece is 100-percent authentic in motivation, design and ambition. It is a Puch moped outfitted with a Coleman stove that burns the same gasoline the

moped runs on. The bike sells Wonderbread grilled cheese sandwiches for \$1 in NYC, or €1 in Marseilles, or in Leipzig, where the project was originally developed in 2010. Totally rogue, no vendor licence or Twitter or any bullshit. You gotta see it to believe it. Have a look at his zines titled *CheeseBike* (there are

# selected by Tom Sachs

many issues), which are a subset of his series called *Born to Kill*, and you'll understand what I mean. He also makes outstanding porn zines, and zines about his flock of trained pigeons – now he also sells pigeon egg and cheese sandwiches on the bike. *TS* 









top row, from left:

Born to Kill, issue 5: CheeseBike,
2011, photocopy on paper, c-print,
22 x 14 cm

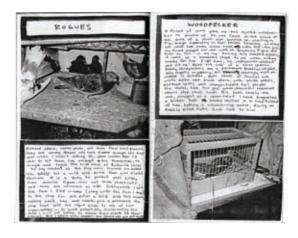
Excerpt from CheeseBike, issue 5 (Economy 6/18/11 – 8/4/11), 2011, photocopy on paper, 22 x 14 cm

middle row, from left: CheeseBike (detail: pigeon egg and cheese sandwiches, \$10), 2013, sheet metal, white bread, imitation cheese slices, unleaded gasoline, homing pigeon eggs, 46 x 61 cm Babylon Gardens Broadway Coop (detail showing feeder and some pigeons), 2012, mixed media, 152 x 269 cm

bottom row, from left: Born to Kill, issue 48, Pigeoneering, 2012, photocopy on paper, c-print, 22 x 14 cm

Excerpt from Pigeoneering (Rogues), 2012, photocopy on paper, 22 x 28 cm





Whether travelling from Brazil to New York on foot and bus, where the artist ceremonially washed his dirt-caked feet in the Hudson River before turning around and heading back (Noticias de America, 2011–12), or a sublimely ambitious work-in-progress for which the artist is walking the world's slave routes, Paulo Nazareth's art is about mining histories, mixing with people and picking up stories. Anthropological by nature, the nucleus of this work is formed of social reactions experienced 'in the field'. The artist's current project, which he refers to as Cadernos de Africa, can be tracked via a photoblog (cadernosdeafrica. blogspot.co.uk) that documents the people (a hobo dressed as Superman, buskers on a beach, etc) who have become part of the work as a result of various chance encounters along the former slave routes. Back in the gallery space, Nazareth's travels materialise as souvenirs. In the case of Noticias de America (shown at Mendes Wood, São Paulo, last year and in the New Museum's recent group show Walking Drifting Dragging, 2013) - ephemera from his travels across the Americas - beer caps, water-bottle labels, posters, flyers and substantial photo documentation - were gathered, collected and presented as a colourful hotchpotch of material.

Nazareth, who is Brazilian, and conveys an almost shamanic look in his dress, Afro hairstyle, unkempt beard and mixed-race heritage, is an artist who knows how to subtly expose cultural and racial stereotypes present throughout the history of art. His work incorporates the colours and Arte Povera schema of the Brazilian avant-garde, together with the country's history of performed public actions, but simultaneously mocks such historic references in contemporary art. At the 2011 edition of Art Basel Miami Beach, for example, he sold bananas from a truck, drawing parallels to the current hunger for Brazilian art in the West through an allusion to the colonial-period cultivation and commercialisation of the fruit. In one photo from the Americas trip, the artist holds a sign reading 'My image of exotic man for sale'. Nazareth's art is one that embraces the world outside the gallery, but mines art's own history in the process: it's a practice based on contradictions and complications, and an extremely poetic delivery. OB







Untitled from Noticias de America, 2011-12, photo. Courtesy Mendes Wood, São Paulo



#### selected by Laura McLean-Ferris

#### Katja Novitskova

'Nature is over', declared Time magazine last year, in its roundup of new ideas for the twenty-first century. That's right. We are now, according to Nobel Prize-winning chemist Paul Crutzen, in the Anthropocene - a period in which humans are the dominant influence over biological, geological and chemical processes on earth. This is hardly news to Katja Novitskova, who has been approaching our technological age as a new evolutionary stage for several years now. In 2010 the Tallinn-born artist, who currently resides in Amsterdam, created Post Internet Survival Guide, which manifested as a book and an installation, in which she encouraged collaborators to believe that online should be treated as a new terrain for habitation, and space in which what it means to be a human is renegotiated. The project was collected under headings such as 'Learn Basic Skills' and 'Remember Where You Are'.

A recent body of work charted the evolution of new technological species against the demise of existing biological ones - a rare, delicately winged butterfly becomes extinct, but is traded for a new silicone wafer. Images of cute baby giraffes might survive better than the actual creatures themselves, suggest her large display stands featuring aluminium cutouts of the animals (Approximation II, 2012), while digital prints of the Cambrian dolphin, on papyrus, no less, reference animals that have been bred and trained to carry out military operations. Novitskova's work is undeniably appealing and has an authoritative, almost helpful manner, as though the artist has taken it upon herself to smooth our passage into the future. But one of the fundamental reasons why I'm so interested in her work is because it scares the hell out of me. LMF







clockwise from top: Approximation II, 2012, digital print on aluminium, cutout display, 130 x 112 x 20 cm. Courtesy Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, Berlin

Apical Dominance 1, 2012, tree weight stand, digital collage on fabric, 88 x 85 x 47 cm, Courtesv

Post Internet Survival Guide, 2010.



#### selected by Elizabeth Price

#### Katrina Palmer

Katrina Palmer's art is sculpture, though not as we usually encounter it. Her stories unfold physical, psychological and sexual encounters with materiality, so that things and thoughts collide, ideas become as sensual as external reality, and banal, vulgar or obscene objects are formed in writing, as imagined sculpture.

The objects from which Palmer's stories begin – pages, books, desks and chairs – recall the scenario of writing, and the object repertoire of conceptual art, a witty reminder of dematerialisation's overlooked materialisations. But art-historical allusions merely provide the setting for the real action. The subordinate or enfolded spaces of these objects, the cavities under or within them, become the refuge for vivid fantasies.

In 'Bed-Chair', a story that features in Palmer's novel *The Dark Object* (2010), a chair that unfolds to make a bed is exploited as a dynamic sculptural image as well as a location for a sexual encounter. The bed-chair's formal mutability incites the thrilling degeneration from working (reading/writing) to sex, and then back again. But the chair is also an object of considerable pathos, a ridiculous thing whose articulations are slapstick: sex and work (manual/intellectual) are both physical comedy here, not transcendent processes, like sculpture itself.

Often read live, tersely delivered and timed to the second, the action unfolds from lucid analysis to searing physical violence (biting off the head of a penis) in a matter of minutes. Indebted to punk for its insolence and absurdist fiction for its mordant reversals of power, Palmer's distinctive art reminds me above all of the coldly furious and always bloody stratagems of Jacobean revenge tragedy; albeit with the gender roles reversed. At last. *EP* 





from top:
The Dark Object, 2010, publication.
Published by Bookworks

The Pretender, 2012, reading at Chisenhale Gallery, London Photo: Manuela Barczewski

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# Carlo Gabriele Tribbioli

**Chris Sharp (critic, Mexico City)** 

# selected by Tom Sachs

I met JJ PEET up at Yale University, where people think you can buy a career with an MFA. JJ's an exception in that, like me and [Future Great] Pat McCarthy, he understands you can only achieve something through persistent hard work. His recent show at On Stellar Rays, New York, was great. You might not notice it at first in his work, but there are ceramic elements to his bricolage that are expertly made. It comes off like junk sculpture, but if you look behind that, you'll see that JJ's a master of ceramics. In fact, he teaches at Columbia and the 92nd Street Y in New York, and at the Anderson Ranch in Snowmass, Colorado. *TS* 







clockwise from top left: DEFEND\_Station, 2012 (installation view)

floating HEAD\_MAGIC\_1, 2012, porcelain, mild steel, pine, cotton, notecard, embroidery thread, paint, aluminium and lime, 198 x 18 x 48 cm DEFEND\_Station (configuration\_1) (detail), 2012, lead, porcelain, pine, plastic, paper, glass, aluminium, rags, gold, cupcakes, brass, feather and mild steel, 259 x 282 x 41 cm

ShiV\_Rack (Left), 2012, brass, plastic, paper, eyebrow, 188 x 66 x 15 cm

All images: photos Genevieve Hanson, courtesy On Stellar Rays,



#### **Heather Phillipson**

HD, 'post-Internet', quick-fire-edit, cut-and-paste moving-image art can be so seductive that it's easy to ignore the fact that in some cases the work does little more than reflect back, without comment, the complex ways in which we interact with the world. This doesn't apply to the video installations and performances of Heather Phillipson. A mix of filmed footage, recorded narration and visual material sourced from the Internet, interspersed with her own live monologue, Phillipson's integration of projected video and spoken word performance, or 'talking pictures', creates convoluted and often humorously self-deprecating narratives that

ponder subjects drawn from high- and lowbrow culture, and personal and universal stories. Details of embarrassing situations and banal everyday chores are woven seamlessly with elements of art theory and philosophy.

Phillipson is a trained musician and poet as well as a visual artist (a new collection of her poems, *Instant-flex 71*, will be published by Bloodaxe in April), factors evident in the treatment of sound, rhythm and voice in her videos, and in her playful, almost synaesthetic use of verbal and visual language, in which misunderstandings, misinterpretations and multiple meanings are recurring themes.

#### selected by Helen Sumpter

Rather than simply mirror the fractured nature of the modern human condition, Phillipson's work attempts to replicate something of what it feels like actually to experience it, in all its exhilarating, uncompromising, raw, gritty, sticky, squelchy, slippery, contradictory and perplexing glory. Phillipson has exhibited in solo and group exhibitions in the UK and Europe, with upcoming events including a new commission for Baltic Centre for Contemporary Art in Gateshead in June and a solo presentation at Zabludowicz Collection in London this autumn as part of the series *Zabludowicz Invites*. *HS* 









clockwise from top left: Pressurization, 2012, performance. Courtesy Whitechapel Gallery, London

A Is to D What E Is to H, 2011, HD video. Courtesy the artist A Is to D What E Is to H, 2011, HD video. Courtesy the artist

A Is to D What E Is to H, 2012 (installation view, Heather Phillipson: Bleurgh, Circa, Instead of pointing to a social problem, Laurie Jo Reynolds solves it. Hers is a politics of doing.

In 2008, Laurie Jo launched Tamms Year Ten - a grassroots, all-volunteer coalition of inmates, the formerly incarcerated, families, lawyers and concerned citizens advocating the closure of Tamms Correctional Center, a 'supermax' prison in Illinois. To say Tamms was notorious for inhumane policies would be an understatement: the conditions met the international definitions of torture. Every man was held in solitary confinement, leaving his cell only to shower or exercise alone in a concrete pen. It was initially conceived as a yearlong behaviour modification program; yet one-third of the prison's population was held at Tamms for a decade without opportunities to appeal.

Laurie Jo engaged those inside Tamms by creating penpal and poetry programmes, setting up a frequent-flyer-mile cash-in that could purchase magazine subscriptions for inmates and honouring inmates' requests for photos of sights they were longing to see. These efforts helped ease the real suffering of inmates at Tamms. It was the grassroots organising, letter-writing campaigns and active and ongoing testifying in front of legislative and political bodies that led to measurable statewide policy change: the implementation of an improvement plan for 'supermax' prison conditions, enhanced living conditions that occasionally resulted in permanent release and a paradigm shift in how those incarcerated are perceived in deeply impersonal and destructive ways.

Thanks to the efforts of Laurie Jo and an army of collaborators, just this January, Tamms Correctional Facility was closed for good. It isn't every day that artists make significant changes in social justice efforts, let alone legislation. Laurie Jo (a video artist) dreamed big, attempted the impossible and revealed the invisible. In the words of one inmate, Laurie Io and those she worked with are heroes: "We [inmates] were a part of the struggle out of necessity, but you chose to be a part of it. I... equate it to people in a burning building... [with] firemen... rushing in to... save us." Laurie Jo's practice should reinforce our belief that artists matter in our society, and prove that there are profound ways for us to step closer to power with bravery, determination and results. AP

from top:
Tour of Depressing Places, 2008,
performance by Laurie Jo Reynolds
and Jeanine Oleson, Jules Pet
Store, Humboldt Park
neighbourhood, Chicago, 16
October 2008. Photo: Marina
Ancona

Legislative Mantra Cards and Calling Cards, 2009-. Courtesy the artist Tamms Year Ten's I Am a Mom march to AFSCME headquarters, 4 April 2012, the anniversary of Martin Luther King, Jr's death, James R. Thompson Center, Chicago. Photo: Adrianne Dues



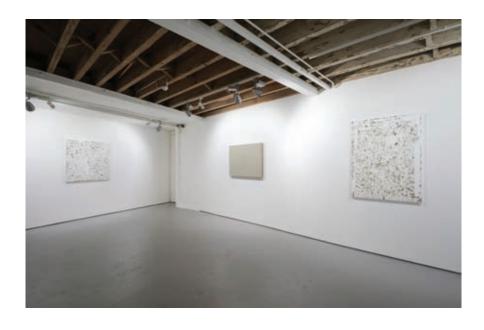




111

#### selected by Tom Eccles

It's hard to tell whether Analia Saban is a painter or a sculptor. She has an uncanny knack of reinvigorating both mediums, collapsing, perhaps even subverting them to great effect. In September 2012, for her first show at Tanya Bonakdar in New York, Saban used primarily white acrylic and unprimed canvas for works that oozed tactile forms, evoking domestic spaces such as beds, towels and sinks. In one recent work, she cast a frayed bedsheet in white acrylic and hung the hardened form upon the wall. Like many of Saban's explorations – often referencing the body - the tactile quality of the 'surface' and the physical weight apparent in the sheer amount of paint used creates a powerful visceral physicality. In this the works shift from paintings to sculpture. On occasion, the unprimed linen canvas is just a component part of a larger assemblage in which the paint adheres to another form, or is only just held onto the canvas in bulging plastic bags. In these works gravity pulls the paint away from the canvas, forming large pregnant bellies protruding from the stretcher. Stains mark the canvas or cracks form on the acrylic surface. These small markings draw the viewer into an intimacy with the work, suggesting something private. The paint itself often appears wet, in the process of hardening, as if it might drip onto the floor before your eyes. The Argentinian-born artist also works in photography, juxtaposing photographic prints with canvases, in some painting across both the canvas and the photo print or removing the photographic image with blue tape. For this work she received the newly minted Rudin Prize for Emerging Photographers from the Norton Museum of Art in West Palm Beach, Florida. TE









clockwise from top: Datum, 2013 (installation view, Josh Lilley, London)

Study for Circuit Board #3, 2012, laser-sculpted acrylic paint on canvas, 28 x 25 x 3 cm

Circuit Board #3, 2012, laser-sculpted acrylic paint on canvas, 79 x 122 x 4 cm Slab Foundation #10 (threequarter view), 2012, concrete on linen canvas, 51 x 41 x 4 cm

All images: courtesy the artist

#### Pablo Sigg

Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari once described Kafka's writing as 'setting up a minor practice of major language from within', characterised 'by dryness and sobriety, a willed poverty'. In recent videos, Mexican artist Pablo Sigg turns similar methods, rather appropriately, against 1973 horror classic The Exorcist. Hollywood has long served as ripe terrain for artists such as Douglas Gordon, Pierre Bismuth and Pierre Huyghe; Sigg departs from their poststructuralist strategies, however, to focus on the intensities and 'hollow territories' of cinema. Training his handheld camera on a wall projection, for example, Sigg isolates the unpeopled passages of the exorcism scene - with domesticating effect (What an Excellent Day for an Exorcism, 2010). The vastly different form of Anemic Cinema (2008) suggests the plural horizons of the 'minor': the video follows from its title, muting and stripping the Exorcist footage to within an inch of its index.

Shifting from the politics of the image to the politics of perception, Sigg's work unsettles and 'endangers' the conventional viewing experience, aiming no less, the artist writes, than to clear ground for 'utopic space... capable of replacing the world'. Cinema's 'hollow territories' can thus be taken to potentiate new topographies by concentrating image and medium, the embodied and the psychical. No territory is more exemplary, in this regard, than that of the hypnotic: Sigg has twice reenacted the trance scene from The Exorcist, when the hypnotised subject was asked to name what it saw. Luc Tuymans responded to the prompt, in Sigg's 134 Exhibits, (2009-10), with a 42-minute rollcall of his paintings, issuing from that 'someplace else' between recollection and proposition a utopian dimension that, through Sigg, we can come to perceive as our own. TC







Anemic Cinema, 2008, animated film (NTSC, colour, MiniDV), 9 min 31 sec, edition of 4 + 2 AP

Edward Thomasson's films are frequently set in institutional environments, the locations affective signposts to the artist's repeated investigations into the spoken and unspoken rules of social interaction. Inside (2012), made during a residency at the South London Gallery, tells the story of a middle-aged female prisoner, the reason behind her incarceration - she stabbed a burglar in her home - explained in a duet sung by a folksy couple and in drawings produced in a prison art-therapy class the woman attends. In a first-person voiceover, the woman, looking tired and frail, says nothing of her plight, but describes her ambivalent feelings about the course leader's attempts to find out "how I feel inside".

Music and therapy are recurring motifs in Thomasson's work. *Just About Managing* (2012) is set in a school staff room and the house of one of the school's teachers – a man who is faking depression to gain long-term sick leave. The man's colleagues take part in a team-building workshop that culminates in the group singing the titular refrain. It's a dark, somewhat claustrophobic film, in which all the characters seem alienated in some form.

There is a wilful confusion between fiction and documentary in the workshop scenes. Thomasson will typically lead his actors through warm-up exercises, with the camera already rolling, and then often include this footage in the final edit. In his use of a realist aesthetic, which belies the self-referential theatricality of the production, the artist is leading us into questions of role-playing: of what constitutes the projected self and what constitutes the real; of how people manage themselves on the outside, within the rules of society, and what's happening on the inside at the same time. *OB* 







Just About Managing, 2012, video still. Courtesy Southard Reid, London



#### Carlo Gabriele Tribbioli

Rome-based artist Carlo Gabriele Tribbioli is a maniac. Not only is the unorthodox thinking behind his practice potentially dangerous, he is one of the most disciplined and hardworking artists I have met in years. Having studied philosophy and possessing no formal training in art (aside from a stint as the assistant to his grandfather, the Roman artist Gianfranco Baruchello), Tribbioli is something of an anomaly, insofar as they just don't make them like this any more. Perhaps the best way to describe what he does is to borrow Harald

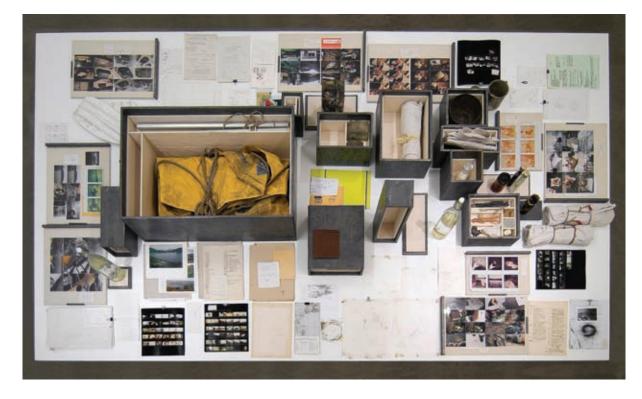
Szeemann's term: individual mythology. Driven by complex, self-sustaining systems of thought and a predominantly classical frame of reference, projects are methodically elaborated (and documented) through performance, photography, sculpture, drawing and film over extended periods of time, such as his recent *Reperti per il Prossimo Milione di Anni* (2007–9/2012) (see Mike Watson, Carlo Gabriele Tribbioli, *ArtReview*, issue 64, December 2012). An exhaustive and forlorn attempt to create a contemporary mythology,

#### selected by Chris Sharp

this exhibition (the artist's first solo in a gallery) established the uncompromising mode of his hyperintensive working method. Forthcoming projects, which include making a film in Liberia (of which I can say no more), are liable to get him thrown in jail or killed, or both – although I really hope not, as that would mean the loss of someone who is already a unique artist and his even more promising body of work. *CS* 







clockwise from top left: Reperti per il Prossirno Milione di Anni (archive), 2007-2009/2012 (installation view, Artissima 2012, Turin), wood, lead, linen, glass, collection of paper documents, various objects, 320 x 200 x 112 cm. Photo: Giorgio Benni

Reperti per il Prossimo Milione di Anni (archive – documents), 2007–2009/2012, documents

Reperti per il Prossimo Milione di Anni (archive), 2007-2009/2012 (installation view), wood, lead, linen, glass, collection of paper documents, various objects, 320 x 200 x 112 cm. Photo: Giorgio Benni

All images: courtesy Federica Schiavo Gallery, Rome

# Art | Basel Hong Kong | May | 23-26 | 2013

Vernissage | May 22, 2013 | By invitation only

**Art | Basel,** Asian Art Fairs Ltd. 6/F Luk Kwok Centre, 72 Gloucester Road Wan Chai, Hong Kong artbasel.com Part 2

# Berlin Beyond the Myths

Berlin has an almost mythical reputation as a centre of artistic licence and creativity, powering the European art scene, but is there any truth in all this? ArtReview convened a panel of experts representing the various constituencies of the local artworld – an artist, an established gallerist, an emerging gallerist, the director of a public institution, a critic and the director of a foundation – to find out.

Moderated by Gesine Borcherdt Photography by Christina Dimitriadis

Heihe Tosus

Thomas kishler

Heihe Fuhlbrigge

Gerine Borcherdt



Alexander Schröder

Berlin: from the 1990s onward, the city's name stood for cheap rent, subculture, freedom. A place for artists not just to work, but to live. An open laboratory, raw and trashy and somehow different. That was the case until the late 2000s. And now? What remains of the myth in a city that is becoming increasingly normalised, in which art has become a part of the mainstream? Time for an assessment - so ArtReview corralled a roundtable of local experts representing established and upcoming commercial venues, institutions, collector-run spaces and, of course, artmaking itself. Here, Alexander Schröder of Galerie Neu, a cofounder of Berlin's Gallery Weekend and abc art fair; Heike Tosun of Soy Capitán; Thomas Köhler, director of the Berlinische Galerie; Heike Fuhlbrügge, curator of the Salon Dahlmann; and the artist Katja Strunz consider where the Berlin scene is heading.

#### ARTREVIEW

I think we can all agree that Berlin has changed a lot recently. Heike, you opened your gallery two years ago and prior to that you witnessed the rush to Berlin for over five years at another gallery, Guido W. Baudach. How do you see the city now?

#### **HEIKE TOSUN**

Well, of course Berlin is different today than it was back then. When I started at Guido's in 2004 the two of us jumped at every email that came in. Then the tempo suddenly picked up and we grew to a high level. Then came the market crisis in 2008, and I left one year after that – and as a young gallerist, it doesn't affect me at all. I simply accepted the given circumstances. My artists live here and I am actively involved with them. Financially, I cannot afford to travel constantly. But I also don't have to: Berlin is very international and everyone comes by at some point.

So fundamentally it hasn't really changed?

HT The big hype is definitely over. But just as the number of galleries continues to rise, so does the number of artists and collectors who are moving in from elsewhere. And Berlin has become very professional. Most of the young gallerists know what they are getting into and communicate with each other – perhaps more so than the established generation.

I have the impression that the galleries are constantly trying to redefine the city through their location. Some move three times within five years. Why?

#### ALEXANDER SCHRÖDER

This keeps the city exciting. Earlier, everything happened on Auguststrasse, now it is moving to Potsdamer Strasse and Kreuzberg 36. And there are still many blank spots on the map. The attractiveness of the city grows through this movement and attracts new people. Obviously they find it interesting that new neighbourhoods are constantly being discovered, and it is through

this that Berlin continues to grow together with the art scene. This is also why Gallery Weekend is so successful.

#### HEIKE FUHLBRÜGGE

What I find so great about Berlin is that everyone has the feeling that they can shape it. The prices are indeed rising, but they are still not as high as in other big cities. This attracts everyone who wants to shape things – regardless of whether they're an artist, gallerist or collector. We are sitting here in the rooms of Salon Dahlmann, which the Finnish collector and patron Timo Miettinen started a few years ago. As the curatorial trio A Private View, we have found a platform here for exhibitions with private collections. So, someone invested here and was open to ideas and collaborations.

This is really the exception. In the last few years many collectors have moved here, especially from the Rhineland, and if you want to put it bluntly, it is obvious that a lot of navel-gazing is going on – collectors showing what they've previously bought. But who is succeeding them? Who is supporting the museums or nonprofit spaces?

AS Yes, first of all the collectors from the Rhineland had to demonstrate their collector's attitude so that West and East could find their place. But actually there are more and more young Berliners who are engaging in their first buying experiences. And perhaps this creates a dynamic in which the collectors are giving something back and supporting a local institution, which is much more common in other countries than it is in Germany.

#### THOMAS KÖHLER

My impression is that not much has changed from an economic perspective since the 1990s – at least my institution has not yet profited. But there is a big process of social transformation. On one side of the art scene is the clientele from old West Berlin and on the other side one-third new Berlin residents. And they are good! This exchange was good for the city. Berlin was a city spoiled by subsidies, in which the involvement of citizens was rather limited. The collector Erika Hoffmann [who opens her collection, the Sammlung Hoffmann, to the public every Saturday] was the first who came to the city with a new attitude. I think this trend is still growing.

How do you all explain, then, the fact that international players are missing - why does Okwui Enwezor go to the Haus der Kunst in Munich, why didn't Massimiliano Gioni stay in Berlin?

TK Well, others think it's right to be here, for example David Elliott or Corinne Diserens. Of course there is still an osmotic situation. But these kinds of people don't come to take on a permanent position right away either. That's not what they want anyway. When Okwui Enwezor

came to the Berlinische Galerie, he said, "Oh, this must be a brand new place!" simply because the institution is really just now making its presence known. The curators are constantly discovering something new in Berlin and always need to come back.

On the other hand the curators of Berlin's museums are not really omnipresent on the scene at the moment. Katja, what is your take on this?

#### KATJA STRUNZ

Well, I have been in Berlin since 1999 and just now have my first solo exhibition here – in the Berlinische Galerie, thanks to the Vattenfall Contemporary art prize. Before that I hardly had any exchange with these houses. I see this with a lot of artists: we go to galleries, but to hardly any museums. Mostly big artists are shown there – I don't go to any Gerhard Richter exhibitions. I have seen things like this too often. The galleries are much more in touch with the artists.

What role does the Berlin Biennale play in this context today? In 1998 it kickstarted the city's art scene. There were many artists present whose names still come up when Berlin is mentioned: Jonathan Meese, Thomas Demand, Olafur Eliasson. In the 2006 edition, the myth of Auguststrasse – where the Berlin Biennale, and many galleries, began in 1998 – was revived once again. Yet there were many disappointed reactions to the other instalments, especially the last one. At the same time the Biennale is still exactly the event from which one can expect the most.

Well, I think that is viewed too critically. ΤK Each biennale in the world will be appreciated differently. And I cannot think of any that is as radical as this one - with all of its ups and downs. And where the sponsors support the curatorial concepts, however abstruse they might be. Despite this, the city has of course grown more normal. Its specialness is - seemingly - dwindling. Gaps are being closed by new buildings and the voids continually decrease. In 2006 the Biennale took place at the Jewish Girls' School. Today you can eat lunch there. But it is normal that places disappear. Berlin is just not a city solely for art. That was a myth! And we are in a constant process of change.

And is this process bringing money to your museum?

TK So far, no. In this regard I consider the city to be provincial and backward. And this has to do with the economic weakness. I have stopped begging the same midsize company three times for €10,000. These are structural problems that make life difficult in the city. No exhibition budget, no purchasing budget! Politically this is very imprudent. And it is frustrating – things are taking off around me and I cannot join in. I find it really devastating that there are no signs from either the political or private side.

KS And because the artists are not familiar with this background, they can't identify with the institutions. Communication is just lacking.

TK At the same time a lot has also changed in the museum landscape. Simply that the houses talk to each other. This didn't exist a few years ago. For this, Udo Kittelmann, who came to the city's National Museums in 2008, was also very important. He supervised six out of 17 museums – this is, of course, not really a sustainable way of managing museums. But such structural problems in Berlin are still very apparent today.

HF Yes, and then it is no longer a question of why international curators are not being contractually retained here. Not to mention the financial means – lack of means – of the National Museums.

Instead, the question remains: how does Berlin seek to maintain its position in the art market when money is still so hesitantly spent here. The end of Art Forum Berlin two years ago – which was certainly never an internationally relevant fair – but also the new, playful fair format of abc, are signs that the city hasn't really found itself yet.







AS Of course there are still some improvements to be made to abc. But Art Forum, as a fair, was simply not enough. Berlin offers unbelievable potential, which abc wants to unlock. Gallerists from all over the world represent artists who live here. So they come to Berlin regularly as it is. Through abc you can realise projects with them onsite without much effort.

HT Another difference to Art Forum is that abc is in motion – and therefore it reflects the essence of Berlin much more. Art Forum was a classic, static fair. But classic things generally do not work in Berlin. I think the transition of abc from a curated trade show to an open fair is in line with the city, because new ideas are constantly developing here – and they need an appropriate platform.

So there are two trends: on the one hand Berlin is becoming professional and is attracting a new class of buyers – who will hopefully one day also support the museums. On the other hand we are insisting on the city's improvised character and on Berlin as a place of production: the myth since the 1990s. At the same time the prices are rising. Katja, many artists are moving out of your atelier building because it is being refurbished. What is the advantage of living here as an artist today?

KS There are still gaps. Berlin is never boring or stuck. And it is still not overcrowded like New York, where I have to fight for a seat in every bar. You can act very spontaneously. I can store my metal in a huge shed and work freely. And there are many stores right around the corner. I once had a grant in London and I was supposed to produce something within three months. But I didn't know how since there were no hardware stores nearby. Here, everything is right at your doorstep. If at one point I couldn't afford my atelier in Kreuzberg any more, where I have been for many years, this would definitely have an influence on my work.

Are there specific trends that are emerging here today? A Berlin generation after the 2000s? Where is the Jonathan Meese, the John Bock, the Monica Bonvicini of today?

HT It would be pointless to look for them. Once there are names then they are always immediately linked internationally and are no longer distinctly attributed to Berlin.

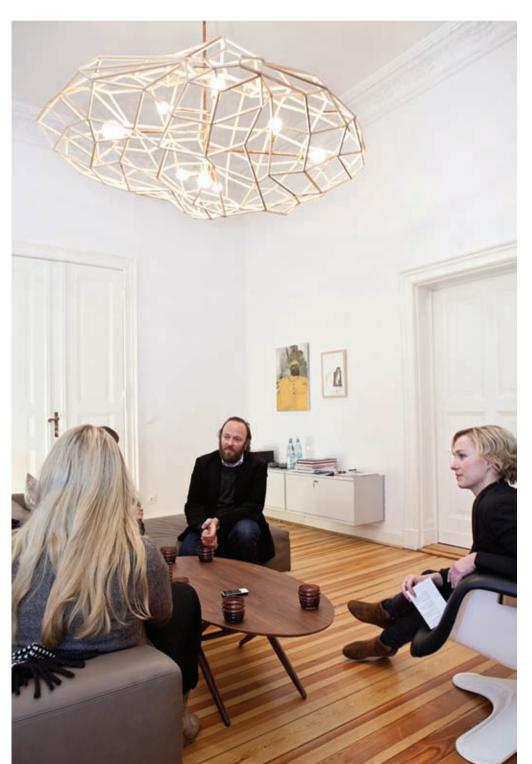
AFTER THE GOLD RUSH
MAYBE THERE IS NOW
SOME SORT OF
CONSOLIDATION GOING ON
IN BERLIN - BUT THAT
DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A
BAD THING

KS This is a big difference to the time when I came from Karlsruhe to Berlin. We were a group of artists who always sat in the same bars. Everyone knew each other. At some point everyone found a place at a different gallery – then everyone had less time and fought for different ideals or played for different teams. Today everything is much more complex.

In the meantime some galleries have had to shed some feathers – and with them many artists. How do you all feel the effects of the crisis?

AS Well, in Berlin you always ask yourself which crisis is actually meant...

HF An example is the gallery quarter on Heidestrasse behind the Hamburger Bahnhof. Prior to 2008 many small galleries opened there, but also Juerg Judin from Zurich and Haunch of





Venison from London, who showed Damien Hirst – that was like a gangster scene! The men in suits, the women's necklines to the floor – great! Where else did you have this in Berlin? Now this area is basically dead.

Instead Juerg Judin opened spaces twice as big on Potsdamer Strasse.

AS The rent there is also only €5 per square metre.

HT Not any more! Now you can't get anything for less than €10. Not even free spaces.

Aside from the galleries, where are Berlin's experimental places?

AS In addition to the many project spaces, Susanne Pfeffer comes to mind, she did a great job at the KW Institute for Contemporary Art [she left to go freelance at the end of 2012]. It will be interesting to see which direction Ellen Blumenstein will take. And of course we can't forget about the Schinkel Pavillon.

TK Yes, Cyprien Gaillard just showed there – that was a borderline experience, with all the photoflashes. I think it was positive even though you couldn't see anything any more because of the crowd. That shows the power of these spaces.

And who is the Berlin art audience today?

TK I think this is very special here. There is simply huge interest on a very high level. This is, of course, also because of the universities. And it has to do with the city's lack of economic pressures: the people have time. Our events are getting an incredible response. Right now we are hosting a discussion panel with Humboldt University. Each time at least 250 people come. You can't help but love Berlin for this.

HT But even with all of the interest, the ability to focus is also often lacking. Good things quickly lose momentum and are replaced before something proper can develop.

HF In my opinion it is good that there is so much going on in Berlin today. This is exactly what constitutes the movement.

So where will Berlin be in ten years?

AS The popularity of Gallery Weekend and abc shows that Berlin has established itself as a site for art and culture. Of course you hear that the art community is already moving on to Warsaw or Istanbul, for example. People travel to such places, but they also leave again.

KS With the increasing complexity, I hope that new networks will be established between Berlin artists and institutions. Otherwise everything will ultimately collapse because of individual interests.

TK I see a positive development here. In the meantime exhibitions are realised in museums because gallerists contribute something, without everyone immediately suspecting that the museum wants to become a salesroom. This would not have been thought possible a few years ago. After the gold rush maybe there is now some sort of consolidation going on in Berlin – but that doesn't have to be a bad thing.

HT I actually think we are already leaving this phase again. \$

Translated from the German by Emily Luski

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# Participating Galleries

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Andrea Rosen, New York
Salon 94, New York
Esther Schipper, Berlin
Sfeir-Semler, Beirut
Jack Shainman, New York
Sies + Höke, Düsseldorf
Sikkema Jenkins & Co., New York
Sommer Contemporary Art,
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#### Focus

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Casas Riegner, Bogotà
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Juliètte Jongma, Amsterdam
Karma International, Zurich
Limoncello, London
Kate MacGarry, London
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mother's tankstation, Dublin Plan B, Cluj Simon Preston, New York ProjecteSD, Barcelona Ramiken Crucible, New York Rodeo, Istanbul Seventeen, London Société, Berlin Untitled, New York Jocelyn Wolff, Paris

#### Frame

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Mendes Wood, São Paulo
Patricia Leite
Misako & Rosen, Tokyo
Kaoru Arima
Take Ninagawa, Tokyo
Turuko Yamazaki
Real Fine Arts, New York
Antek Walczak
Sommer & Kohl, Berlin
Adrian Lohmüller
Simone Subal, New York
Frank Heath
Supportico Lopez, Berlin
J Parker Valentine
Whatiftheworld, Cape Town
Cameron Platter
Leo Xu Projects, Shanghai



Zhao Zhao (b. 1982), I cannot Sleep Sadly by Your Side, 2012, single-channel video, 15:00 minutes. Courtesy the artist and Chambers Fine Art, New York / Beijing.

# Moving image

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# Listings



#### Galleries USA

#### 303 Gallery

Doug Aitken: 100 Years 1 Feb – 23 Mar Open 10–6, Tue – Sat

547 West 21st Street New York, NY 10011 T +1 212 255 1121 info@303gallery.com 303gallery.com

#### **Andrea Rosen Gallery**

Aaron Bobrow: *Electric Bathing* 9 Feb – 23 Mar Open 10–6, Tue – Sat

525 West 24th Street New York, NY 10011 T +1 212 627 6000 andrearosengallery.com

#### **Bruce Silverstein Gallery**

Nicolai Howalt & Trine Søndergaard 21 Feb – 13 Apr Open 10–6, Tue – Sat

535 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011 T +1 212 627 3930 enquiries@brucesilverstein.com brucesilverstein.com

#### Cheim & Read

Al Held: Alphabet Paintings Suspicious of Rooms Without Music or Atmosphere 28 Feb – 20 Apr Open 10–6, Tue – Sat

547 West 25th Street New York, NY 10001 +1 212 242 7727 gallery@cheimread.com cheimread.com

#### **David Nolan**

Gavin Turk: *L'Amour Fou* 21 Feb – 30 Mar Open 10–6 (Sat 11–6), Tue – Sat

527 West 29th Street New York, NY 10001 T +1 212 925 6190 info@davidnolangallery.com davidnolangallery.com

#### Hasted Kraeutler

Erwin Olaf: *Berlin* 14 Mar – 27 Apr Open 11–6, Tue – Sat

537 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011 T +1 212 627 0006 info@hastedkraeutler.com hastedkraeutler.com

#### **Lombard Freid Projects**

Tameka Norris and Mark Jenkins: *Unsupervised* 7 Mar – 13 April

518 West 19th Street, New York, NY 10011 T +1 212 967 8040 info@lombard-freid.com lombard-freid.com

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victoria.kearney@dublincity.ie artresidenciesdublin.com

#### **BALTIC**

David Maljkovic: Souces in the Air

15 Mar - 30 Jun Open 10-6, Sun - Mon

14-20 Osborne Street, Glasgow G1 5QN +44 191 478 1810 info@balticmill.com balticmill.com

#### **Marianne Boesky Gallery**

William J. O'Brien: Wet 'n Wild 23 Feb – 23 Mar Open 10–6, Tue – Sat

509 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011 T +1 212 680 9889 info@marianneboeskygallery.com marianneboeskygallery.com

#### Mitchell-Innes & Nash

Virginia Overton 1 Mar – 5 Apr Open 10–6, Tue – Sat

534 West 26th Street, New York, NY 10001 T+12127447400 info@miandn.com miandn.com

#### **Paul Kasmin Gallery**

Arman: Cycles 28 Feb – 6 Apr Open 10–6, Tue – Sat

239 10th Ave, New York, NY 10001 T +1 212 563 4474 info@paulkasmingallery.com paulkasmingallery.com

#### **Paul Kasmin Gallery**

Will Ryman: *America* 28 Feb – 30 Mar Open 10–6, Tue – Sat

515 West 27th Street, New York, NY 10001 T +1 212 563 4474 info@paulkasmingallery.com paulkasmingallery.com

#### Yossi Milo Gallery

Mike Brodie: A Period of Juvenile Prosperity 7 Mar – 6 Apr Open 10–6, Tue – Sat

245 Tenth Ave New York, NY 10001 T +1 212 414 0370 mail@yossimilo.com yossimilo.com

#### Galleries BRAZIL

#### Fortes Vilaça

Agniezka Kurant: *Phantom Kapitol* 21 Feb – 23 Mar Open 10–7, Tue – Fri

Rua Fradique Coutinho 1500 05416-001, São Paulo T+55 11 3032 7066 galeria@fortesvilaca.com.br fortesvilaca.com.br

#### **Galeria Leme**

David Batchelor: *Light Show* 30 Jan – 28 Apr 10–7 (Sat 10–5), Tue – Sat

Av. Valdemar Ferreira, 130 05501-000, São Paulo T+55 11 3093.8184 info@galerialeme.com galerialeme.com

#### S1 Artspace

Love in a Cold Climate Curated by Rob Tufnell 9 Mar - 4 May Open 12-6, Wed-Sat

120 Trafalgar Street Sheffield S1 4JT +44 114 213 3780 info@s1artspace.org s1artspace.org

#### Stephen Friedman

# Yinka Shonibare MBE: *Pop!*

16 Mar – 20 Apr Open 11–6 (11–5 Sat) , Tue – Sat

25-28 Old Burlington Street London W1S 3AN +44 20 7494 1434 info@stephenfriedman.com stephenfriedman.com

#### Luisa Strina

Marina Saleme / Leonor Antunes 20 Feb - 16 Mar Open 10-7 (Sat 10-5), Tue - Sat

Rua Padre João Manuel, 755 - Ioja 02, Cerqueira Cesar 01411-001 São Paulo T +55 11 3088 2471 info@galerialuisastrina.com.br galerialuisastrina.com.br

#### **Mendes Wood**

F. Marquespenteado: Denominador Commun 2 Feb – 3 Mar 10–7 (Sat 10–5), Tue – Sat

Rua da Consolação 3358, Jardins, 01416 000, São Paulo T+55 11 3081 1735 info@mendeswood.com mendeswood.com

#### **Anita Schwartz**

Maria Lynch 13 Mar – 13 Apr Open 10–7 (Sat 10–5), Tue – Sat

Rua Jose Roberto Macedo Soares 30, Gavea, Rio de Janeiro T+55 21 2540 6446 galeria@anitaschwartz.com.br anitaschwartz.com.br

#### Galleries SPAIN

#### Helga de Alvear

Prudencio Irazabal 12 Mar – 4 May Open 11–2, 4.30–8.30, Tue – Sat

c/ Doctor Fourquet 12 28012 Madrid T +34 91 468 0506 galeria@helgadealvear.com helgadealvear.com

# Art Fair FRANCE

#### **Art Paris Art Fair**

28 Mar – 1 Apr Open 11.30–8, Thu, Sat, Sun; 11.30–10, Fri; 11.30–7, Mon

Grand Palais, Avenue Winston Churchill, 75008 Paris T+33156265213 contact@artparis.fr artparis.fr

# Galleries FRANCE

#### **Galerie Almine Rech**

Ugo Rondinone: *Pure Moonlight* 9 Mar – 12 Apr Open 11–7, Tue – Sat

64 Rue de Turenne 75003 Paris, France T+33145837190 paris@alminerech.com alminerech.com

#### **Galerie Lelong**

Barthelemy Toguo 7 Mar – 4 May Open 10.30–6 (2–6.30 Sat), Tue – Sat

13 Rue de Teheran, 75008 Paris T +33 1 45 63 13 19 info@galerie-lelong.com galerie-lelong.com

#### **Galerie Perrotin**

Group Show 2 Mar – 13 Apr Open 11–7, Tue – Sat

76 Rue de Turenne 75003 Paris T+33142167979 info@perrotin.com perrotin.com

#### Suzanne Tarasieve Paris

Pierre Schwerzmann 9 Mar – 30 Mar Open 11–7, Tue – Sat

7 Rue de Pastourelle, 75003 Paris T +33 1 42 71 76 54 info@suzanne-tarasieve.com suzanne-tarasieve.com

#### Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, Paris Marais

Jack Pierson: Ennui (La Vie Continue) 2 Mar – 6 Apr Open 10–7, Tue – Sat

7 Rue Debelleyme, 75003 Paris T+3314272 9900 galerie@ropac.net ropac.net

#### MIMA

Haroon Mirza: *Untitled Song* 

8 Mar - 6 Jun Open 10-4.30 (10-7 Thu, 12-4 Sun) Tues - Sun 10.00-16.30pm

Centre Square, Middlesbrough TS1 2AZ +44 1642 726 720 visitmima.com

#### Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, Paris Pantin

Disaster, The End of Days Erwin Wurm: Grammaire Wittgensteinienne de la culture physique 3 Mar – 27 Apr Open 10–7, Tue – Sat

69 Avenue de General Leclerc, 93500 Pantin T +33 1 55 89 01 10 galerie@ropac.net ropac.net

#### **Yvon Lambert**

Gardar Eide Einarsson Karl Haendel 15 Mar – 20 Apr Open 10–7, Tue – Sat

108 Rue Vieille-du-Temple 75003 Paris T +33142710933 paris@yvon-lambert.com yvon-lambert.com

### Galleries

#### **All Visual Arts**

Between the Lines 8 Mar - 27 Apr Open 10-6, Tue - Sat

2 Omega Place, Kings Cross, London N1 9DR T +44 207 843 0410 info@allvisualarts.org allvisualarts.org

#### QUAD

Erik Kessels: *Album Beauty* 8 Mar – 26 May Open 11–6 (Sun 12–6), Mon – Sun

Market Place, Cathedral Quarte Derby DE1 3AS T +44 1332 290 606 info@derbyquad.co.uk derbyquad.co.uk

#### **Rosenfeld Porcini**

Silvia Hatzl: *a fragile existence* to 7 Mar Open 11-7, Tue – Sun

37 Rathbone Street Street London W1T 1NZ T +44 207 637 1133 rosenfeldporcini.com

#### **Site Gallery**

#### Anna Barnham:

Suppose I call a man a horse, or a horse a man?

9 Feb-23 Mar

Open 11-5.30, Tue - Sat

1 Brown Street, Sheffield, S1 2BS +44 114 2812077 info@sitegallery.org sitegallery.org

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#### **Tim Van Laere Gallery**

Ed Templeton 21 Mar – 4 May Open 1–6, Tue – Sat

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#### Galleries GERMANY

#### Galerie Kornfeld

Ralf Peters 1 Mar – 6 April Open 11–6, Tue–Sat

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Peter Fischli/David Weiss/Andreas Schulze

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D-10178 Berlin
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info@spruethmagers.com
spruethmagers.com
www.spruethmagers.com

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Via Carlo Farini 32 20159 Milan T+39 02 89 05 30 83 info@brandnew-gallery.com brandnew-gallery.com

#### Cardi Black Box

Set Pieces curated by Andrew Berardini and Lauren Mackler 7 Feb – 15 Apr Open 10–7, Mon – Sat

Corso di Porta Nuova 38 20124 Milan T+39 02 4547 8189 gallery@cardiblackbox.xom cardiblackbox.xom

#### **Hangar Bicocca**

Apichatpong Weerasethakul: *Primitive* 8 Mar – 28 Apr Open 11–11, Thu – Sun

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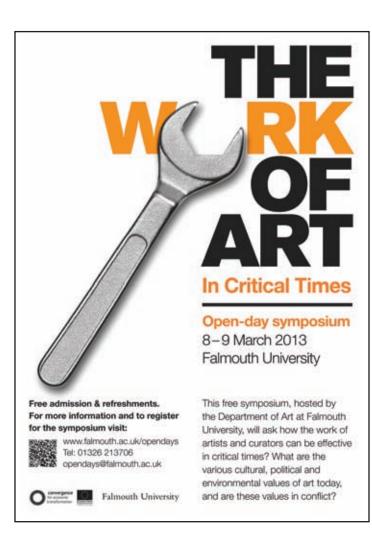
P.O. Box 279, 5th Floor Office Towers, Serafi Mega Mall, Tahlia Street, Jeddah, 23441 T +966 2 2845009 info@athrart.com athrart.com

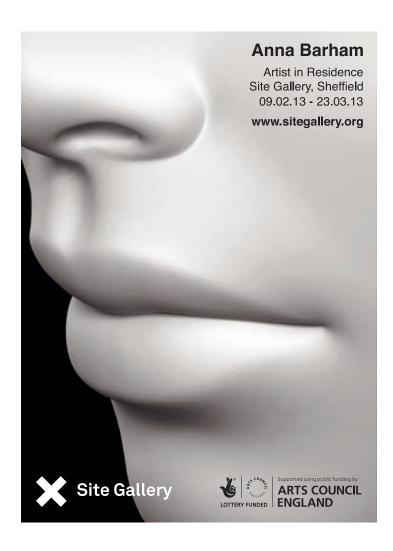
#### Vilma Gold

Julia Wachtel: *Post Culture* 

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6 Minerva Street London E2 9EH +44 207 729 9888 mail@vilmagold.com vilmagold.com



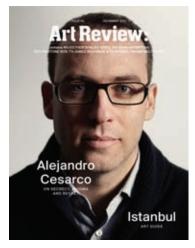


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ISSUE 63: NOVEMBER 2012 The 100 most influential people in contemporary art; profiles in power; the state of art today; PLUS free supplement AR:Multiple



ISSUE 64: DECEMBER 2012 Alejandro Cesarco; focus on Istanbul; Esther Shalev-Gerz; moving-image special, including John Akomfrah, Simon Leung, James Richards and Ed Atkins



ISSUE 65: JANUARY & FEBRUARY 2013 Sarah Lucas; Jacob Fabricius talks to Meriç Algün Ringborg; Adel Abdessemed; tales from Berlin; plus Jonathan Grossmalerman almost drowns



#### **Exhibitions/UK**

Helen Marten, Chisenhale Gallery, London Isa Genzken, Hauser & Wirth, London Pilvi Takala, Carlos/Ishikawa, London Florian Hecker, Sadie Coles HQ, London Henrik Olesen, Cabinet, London Lucy Williams, Timothy Taylor Gallery, London Thomas Dozol, French Riviera, London Amalia Pica, Modern Art Oxford Alex Impey, Glasgow Sculpture Studios

#### **Exhibitions/USA**

Rosemarie Trockel, New Museum, New York Julie Blackmon, Robert Mann Gallery, New York Fore, Studio Museum in Harlem, New York Jen DeNike, Anat Ebgi, Los Angeles Jordan Wolfson, REDCAT, Los Angeles

#### **Exhibitions/Europe & Rest of the World**

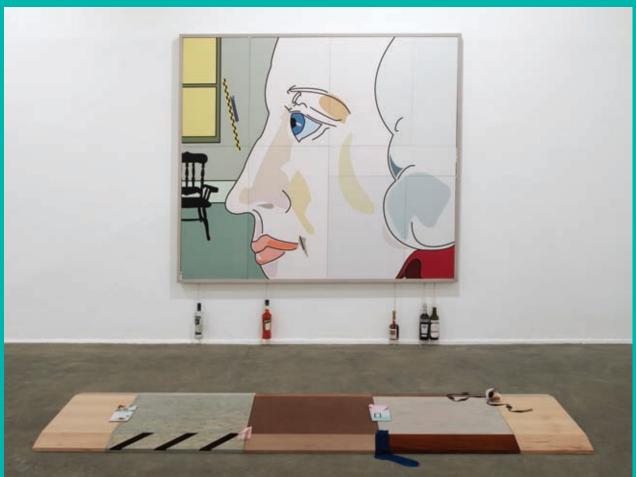
Matias Faldbakken, Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Zurich
One on One, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin
Ante Timmermans, Kunstmuseum St Gallen
53rd October Salon, Former Geodetic Institute, Belgrade
Nessuno e Niente Scompaia, Unosunove, Rome
Xavier Mary, Galerie Christian Nagel, Berlin
Michel François, Xavier Hufkens, Brussels
Paul Kos, Galerie Georges-Philippe & Nathalie Vallois, Paris
Isabel Nolan, Return Gallery, Goethe-Institut, Dublin
Olinka, or Where Movement Is Created, Museo Tamayo, Mexico City
Wang Haiyang, White Space, Beijing

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Extreme Metaphors, ed. Simon Sellars and Dan O'Hara The King of a Rainy Country, by Brigid Brophy Always Looking: Essays on Art, by John Updike La Boutique Obscure, by Georges Perec Forgetting the Art World, by Pamela M. Lee Rafaël Rozendaal: Domain Names 2010–2001

#### **Off the Record**

Gallery Girl is all loved up



Helen Marten
Plank Salad, 2012 (installation
view). Commissioned by
Chisenhale Gallery, London.
Photo: Andy Keate



Isa Genzken, 2012 (installation view). Photo: Alex Delfanne. © the artist. Courtesy the artist, Hauser & Wirth, London, and Galerie Buchholz, Cologne



Helen Marten: *Plank Salad* Chisenhale Gallery, London 23 November - 27 January

Any attempt to give an inventory of the found and fabricated objects that make up Helen Marten's 13 tight, discrete installations in full would use up the allotted space (and any reader's patience) pretty quickly. But that's not to say that such things are unimportant. Indeed it's these objects that overwhelmingly shape the initial experience of this exhibition. My notes from the show – a long list of random items – starts 'cigarette packets, tangerine, bread, workstations' and continues in a similar yein.

The 'workstations' (that's my description, not the artist's) make up an installation titled A Face the Same Colour As Your Desk (all works 2012), comprising four desklike steel units that, together with a fifth longer, taller piece of ad hoc furniture (reminiscent of an extended lectern and titled Peanuts), stand in a narrow space leading to the main gallery space. Each workstation is bedecked (albeit delicately) with a variety of objects - the tangerine, cigarette packets and so on. The main gallery houses five freestanding installations each turning over a variety of aesthetic references in their object mix. Sometimes the obvious influence of interior design comes to the fore: in the polite panelling of Ways to Inflate, for example, or with More Handles Than Fingers to Count On, a sizeable ceramic urn inscribed with the name 'Lauder' in various fonts. Other works - One for a Bin, Two for a Bench: Friend, Amigo, Sport, a to temic pine sculpture with an anthropomorphised cloud at its head - are more cartoonlike. These twin notions come together in the four large Roy Lichtenstein-esque graphic portraits of Mozart silkscreened on leather, and hung on the far wall. Bits of chewing gum have been stuck on and left to harden at a point between the print and the frame, and like weights, various bottles of spirits dangle on string from the bottom of each picture. Facing these on the opposing wall is *Traditional* Teachers of English Grammar, various wallmounted, three-dimensional, silhouetted depictions of Victorian-era domestic chairs in black-painted welded steel. The furniture droops this way and that, however, prompting references to surrealist painting. The final flourish to this work is the presence of bunches of keys hanging from the legs and arms, heavy connotations of internality and externality.

Yet far from being the visual cacophony that the notes and my more extended descriptions might suggest, the works remain strangely composed - or rather, Marten bestows a sense of ordered, poetic, cleanliness on her installation that sets the work apart from that of other artists - Isa Genzken or Steven Claydon, for example pursuing a similar process of found-object collation. Marten's compositions come together like a form of materialised modernist poetry: opaque, sometimes hard to follow and occasionally absurd, yet with a distinct, if whispered, sense of authorial voice. It's a voice that seems, to a certain extent, and in an abstracted and quietly political form, to add biographic detail to the imagery the choice of one brand over another, the relative attractiveness of certain packaging, issues of health (the orange) and unhealth (the cigarette packets) - the facets of aspirational design with which we're surrounded and bombarded with every day. There's an aphorism from Seneca the Younger in which the philosopher writes that 'the primary sign of a well-ordered mind is a man's ability to remain in one place and linger in his own company'. What Marten's work demonstrates is that being in the modern world means never really being alone. And she leaves it up to the viewer to guess what that's doing to our minds.

#### **OLIVER BASCIANO**



Isa Genzken Hauser & Wirth London, Savile Row 15 November - 12 January

"What she does is very easy to imitate," intones the urbane American gallery visitor confidently to his companion, "but it's so much harder to actually do." Yet what is it, exactly, that the sixty-four-year-old German sculptor Isa Genzken does? Here's a sort of high plinth, made from laminated yellow MDF, mounted on little castors, one side open, another blanked with squared mirror-foil, atop which balance two transparent Philippe Starck-ish chairs upended on a Day-Glo Perspex plane bent over itself to form a faintly Bauhaus-like reclining seat – the whole adorned with a grey rubber monster mask, while tiny glass animal knickknacks shelter under the curves of the Day-Glo.

This and five similar *Untitled* works (all 2012) stand between a row of wall panels (complicated assemblages of photographs, reflective foils, acetates and mirrors) and a train of images collaged under sheet acrylic on the floor. Beyond is *Nofretete*, a series of plinths, each supporting a painted plaster reproduction of the bust of Nefertiti, each wearing a different pair of sunglasses, with a framed reproduction of the Mona Lisa, superimposed on a snap of the artist, propped against each base.

What binds these together? Genzken's sculpture of the last decade, as she turned away from her more austere, fugitive dialogue with Minimalism, is a pileup of allusions and references, of startling marriages of divergent artistic cultures and histories, erudite and vulgar. Such combinations might at first look shambolic, but this would be to underestimate the poise with which Genzken stages negating oppositions: mass culture and fine art, photography and architecture, antiquity, Modernism, Minimalism and postmodernism, the object and its image, and vision and the body all implode in these wilfully precarious yet precise assemblages.

In these recent works, Genzken has withdrawn from the more pointed sociopolitical inflections that characterised her work during the noughties. There's instead an intensified attention to the human form – eclipsed, dejected, but continuously reinvoked even among the junk, the glitter and fakery. And the key motif here is translucence and reflection. There's no 'truth to materials', because the materials are ambiguous and prone to deceive, and always conceal some other layer, which is itself no more authentic.

But this is just like the skin of the human body, which figures everywhere, both as an idealised whole and broken into fragments: in the freakishly clothed but exposed mannequin sculptures (all *Untitled*); in the layering of photographs under sheets of transparent and coloured gels, beneath which are, more often than not, bodies, often of women; and in photographs of Renaissance etchings of flayed anatomies, or Caravaggio's beheaded *Medusa* (1595), and which contrast with the physical charisma of Michael Jackson or Diana Ross or a young Klaus Kinski.

Looking back on the history of failed programmes for sculpture's authenticity, Genzken manages to gather their fragments, recasting the tenuous relationship between appearance and materiality, surface and reality, the deadness of things and the elusive moment of human presence. That this may be, in the end, an impossible task accounts for the sense of melancholy that backgrounds the visual euphoria. Still, to reach that impasse is, perhaps, the hardest thing to do.

#### J.J. CHARLESWORTH



Pilvi Takala: Random Numbers Carlos/Ishikawa, London 15 November - 15 December

**Pilvi Takala's videos** combine situationist nerve with journalistic enquiry. The setting may be reallife or fictional, the action scripted or interventional, the cast comprising anyone from herself to friends, associates and strangers. The artifice is often ambiguous: we could be watching civilians or actors.

Two works are shown here. One in a Million (2012) features three videos about the Dutch and British postcode lotteries, which entail players' postcodes being entered in prize draws. Of course, 'postcode lottery' is also a pejorative metaphor for the unequal distribution of government services, and Takala explores both meanings. In Help Desk, artist Siri Baggerman visits a municipal administrator in Utrecht to complain about being unable to play the lottery, due to the council abolishing her postcode. Lawyer of the Week is a subtitled recording of her discussion with a lawyer about the prospect of being compensated for the jackpot she might (but probably wouldn't) have won. Takala's 'performative citizens' are Brechtian vehicles for testing regulatory limits, their interpretations of the rules absurd yet logical. In the third video, Palace, her gallerist Vanessa Carlos phones the organisers of the UK postcode lottery. On learning that one may play with any postcode, Carlos chooses SW1A1AA-Buckingham Palace. When Takala herself calls and asks to play with that postcode, she is told she can't. After the operative consults a colleague, she is then told she can. The point made here - that individuals interpret rules differently - is less interesting than the manner in which it is made: through a form of guerrilla theatre.

Where investigative journalists might focus on the politics of confrontation, Takala focuses on its sociality. The eight-minute video *Players* (2010) portrays a community of online poker players who adopt probability theory as a modus vivendi. Our narrator, Jaako, lives with six Finnish friends (here played by actors) in Bangkok's Scandi Tower. These professionals embrace chance whenever possible, allotting domestic duties and settling restaurant bills by flipping cards. Even travel is transformed into a game: should two people disagree over the best way of getting somewhere, for example, one goes by taxi, the other by train; whoever gets there first wins the bet.

Conspicuous consumption rules. If you're a Player, you buy a €600 pool cue from a former Finnish champion, despite being no good. You take helicopters instead of planes, "have ice made of iced tea in your iced tea". This decadence known as 'balling' - seems motivated by the need to mark the difference between minimal and maximal desiderata. It's a form of autoanthropology - the cultural logic of late capitalism as self-caricature. "Having access to all the unnecessary things that rich people gather to show off is something we enjoy even more than the regular rich," says Jaako. The implication being that only the temporarily rich can enjoy wealth. As though wealth were a hobby. And perhaps, for the poker player, it is.

#### **SEAN ASHTON**



Florian Hecker Sadie Coles HQ, London 23 November - 19 January

It's a leap to reconcile the visual primness of Florian Hecker's sound installations with their frenetic and agitating sounds. The artist uses impeccably installed high-end speakers, and the result looks like a display of bespoke hi-fi kit aimed at the superrich. But rather than playing MOR ear-schmaltz, they're conscripted into broadcasting Hecker's abrasive and potentially mind-skewing noise.

The exhibition is hosted over two floors, each one containing geometrically arranged clusters of speakers airing separate compositions. The ground floor features three speakers in a triangular constellation, hanging from the ceiling at head height and aimed away from each other at 90-degree angles. These play Hecker's Chimerization (presented at last year's Documenta) and then Hinge, a work that acts as its sequel (both 2012). Each has a libretto written by the philosopher and author Reza Negarestani. Read by a variety of people in a soundproofed studio, the texts apparently investigate the split between 'topology and sounds, nature and culture'. Hecker has manipulated the recordings of the voices using a process known as chimerization, a technique derived from cochlear implant technology that works to separate vocal sound from other noise. But it's impossible to follow the speech for all the distorting modulations created as the chimerization process incorrectly struggles to find background noise among clear vocal sounds. Quite literally obscured theory, each composition is 30 minutes long and played back-to-back, so it's a serious listen, requiring a focus that accentuates the disorienting effect.

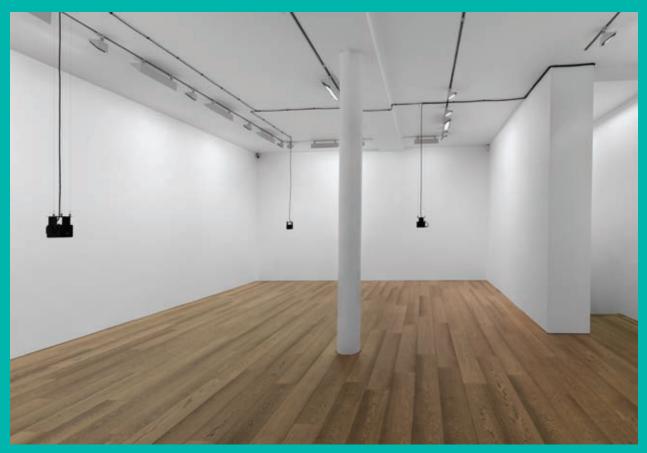
The lower floor contains 3 Channel Chronics (2010-12), consisting of three speakers mounted on facing walls, but here broadcasting one 17minute composition, made from purely digital samples. In succession, animated sounds rotate about the speakers. At one point an abrasive, backand-forth, seesaw sound seems to hover in a corner of the room, creating a queasy feeling of movement. Next to each speaker are prints of the same speakers, the images distorted using an algorithm similar to that found in audio chimerization. That the photographs record the work's appearance in a 2010 show at Vienna's MUMOK is intended to signify a kind of spatiotemporal feedback. But the effect is less time tunnel than comically redundant exercise in comparing and contrasting.

Hecker's numerous album releases - for instance 2003's Sun Pandämonium and 2009's Acid in the Style of David Tudor - demonstrate richly textured and dynamic sonics, showing a knack for making some aggressive noise seductive, at their best giving the sounds a focused weight that cuts straight through the ears and into the mind. But this disrupting intensity doesn't really transpose well here. The reason for this is volume, specifically the lack thereof. Whereas listening to the Chimerization tracks by themselves (via the Documenta website or Editions Mego label) is a disturbing and ultimately rewarding experience, its intensity is diffused in the gallery space, becoming politely toned - even self-serious. Crass as the desire might be in such measured surroundings, I want the volume up.

#### **NATHAN BUDZINSKI**



**Pilvi Takala One in a Million**, 2012. Courtesy Carlos/Ishikawa, London



**Florian Hecker**, 2012 (installation view). Courtesy Sadie Coles HQ, London

Henrik Olesen
Produce (Vielzweck
Etiketten), 2012, produce on
Perspex. Courtesy the artist
and Cabinet, London





Lucy Williams
The Sonneveld House, 2012, mixed media, 72 x 70 cm. © the artist. Courtesy Timothy Taylor Gallery, London



Henrik Olesen Cabinet, London 28 November - 21 December

**Recipe: take one** packet of instant noodles, add a book delivery from Amazon, some gummy sweets, a dozen cigarettes and a Fisherman's Friend; stir in a subway trip, and add a Magnum ice cream. Finish with air travel, spaghetti and coffee. Ensure that lightbulbs and print cartridges on your equipment are refreshed regularly, water is softened and that you wear contact lenses. Serve with painkillers and plasters, which can be added where necessary.

The remnants from the creation of this speculative recipe – empty packets for medicine, food and other products – have been flattened and pinned methodically in rows to wall-hung white panels in *Produce* (2012), a series of new works by the Danish-born artist Henrik Olesen. Greasy plastic bags for curry powder and soy sauce line up with travel cards, toothpaste tubes and filter tips – the fuels of existence – picturing a consumptive life. What do these mixtures create, aside from heartburn?

Such a question takes its place in Olesen's long-term line of enquiry, which asks how a society creates a body (particularly in relation to a homosexual body). His deconstructionist tactics have seen him dismantling laptops and displaying the constituent parts as a way of constructing portraits of their owners, creating domestic dramas from cutlery characters known as Mr Knife and Mr Fork, and producing a highly nuanced body of work powered by a technologically informed romantic tragedy, with the British scientist Alan Turing in the lead role. (Turing's contributions to codebreaking and computer science are difficult to overstate; his homosexuality saw him prosecuted and administered with hormones before his suicide at the age of fortyone. While the law treated Turing's body like a broken machine, the scientist was responsible for building a new type of body - the computer.)

Though the small set of works in this exhibition are somewhat less persuasive than those just mentioned, issues of creation and facture are worth considering here, as well as those of giving and receiving. Olesen's Turing works include consumer manuals for computers, immediately contrasting the computer's creator with its users, and again, here, the majority of the products used by the artist come to the consumer readily made, processed and assembled. Alongside

the cultural, legal and societal conditions – which are difficult to adapt or remake – that create a person, packets of instant noodles and other products suggest a removal from the process of production and put the emphasis on easy consumption. And though the works have a certain mucky charm, it's hard not to feel a sense of stress brought about by all these reminders of travelling, the need to keep things going, mindlessly knocking back trashy food and medication. But importantly, too, we remain distanced from the process of making a Haribo sweet, a filter tip or a paracetamol – we just pop them in our mouths as if we were simply passive receivers.

And if that 'receiver' seems like a step into sexual overinterpretation, then the presence of a nearby work, featuring two cigars - probably the most hackneved of phallic symbols, which arrives to us via Freud - might press the point a bit harder. Like an after-dinner joke, two cigars - one real, one a printed photographic image - are lined up side-by-side on a final white panel, a form and its image facing off against one another in the manner of a Joseph Kosuth work missing its dictionary definition. But like many jokes, it turns on anxiety: if its phallic shape suggests a more sexual form of consumption, it also might indicate that desire is triggered by images as much as real things. As the only thing in the room that hasn't already been consumed, the cigar appears to be offering itself to us somehow - a sensation exaggerated by the photograph that seems to advertise its availability - as if we could lift it off the panel and start smoking it. But should you unthinkingly accept the things that are offered to you? What might they do to your body?

#### LAURA MCLEAN-FERRIS



Lucy Williams: *Pavilion* Timothy Taylor Gallery, London 28 November – 11 January

In *Pavilion*, Lucy Williams depicts some of Modernism's greatest architectural hits (from the Sonneveld House, 1933, to the Seagram Building, 1958) in a colourful festival of meticulously assembled bas-reliefs. These collages are testament to impressive levels of craftsmanship, honed over Williams's years of unwaveringly tackling this subject matter and technique. During her decade or so in the public eye she's turned to the International Style to create her own. Archive photo-documentations of buildings and interiors

become handcrafted collages, feeding off the movement's innate geometries and ideological signifiers to create the sense of a bygone world of shiny, happy Brutalism, where trees flourish next to floating concrete and books line the homes of intellectual aesthetes. The references are heavy, the work perhaps less so.

To hang the works in this exhibition, Williams has created a freestanding tongue-and-groove modular structure. It reads like a desperate attempt to complicate and spatialise the work through seductive display tactics – popping the grids of her compositions out of the frame and onto the floor. Sure, it's a nice touch, but it seems like an add-on that subconsciously admits the works themselves might be a little light.

In Pavilion, images of architectural interiors and facades are conjured out of cut paper, Perspex, metal mesh, faux grass, balsa wood, cast Jesmonite and more, in the creation of graphically robust images from techniques of delicacy. It's as if a fetishistically perfectionist architectural modelmaker has decided to sideline as a Sunday painter, creating flat, hyperclean, cartoonish replicas of buildings they dearly wish they had been involved in designing. These works truly feel like a labour of (nostalgic) love, as Williams renders her black and white photographic sources in Technicolor, on a bender of rose-tinted homage to a bygone era of design; depicting buildings long since built (and sometimes no longer standing) with a utopian clarity that puts them back on the drawing board, full of optimistic promise. A Breuer chair peeks from behind sea-foam-green walls in the immaculately kept Green Dressing Room (all works 2012); trailing vines and an immense library fill the wood-floored duplex of Continental Interior; the epic 270cm-long depiction of a slice of Apartment Block (Maine-Montparnasse) uses cut paper to render the building a singing grid of colour.

With scenes littered with plants and books as props to her absent human protagonists' domestication of the spaces, and buildings framed against trees and blue skies, Williams's reliefs are saturated in fantasies of lifestyle options (which has unsurprisingly gained her glowing coverage in Elle Decoration and Wallpaper\*). The images in Pavilion pop with sun and colour, but the hues are softened with a politeness that seems concerned not to startle, as if the artist is looking back on midcentury modern with an Instagram filter set to greetings-card mode. Appearing like screenprints both in photographic reproductions and at a casual glance, the works can't help but remind you of the ubiquitous tea towels and crockery, emblazoned with stylised modernist architectural scenes, that clutter design stores across the globe. Despite the intricate construction of Williams's reliefs, her subject matter, though exhaustively explored, never really feels transformed, complexified or owned - more simply adoringly aestheticised.

#### **JUSTIN JAECKLE**



Thomas Dozol: *Côtes d'Azurs* French Riviera, London 16 November - 16 December

The little shopfront gallery looked even more diminutive than usual with its windows blacked out, the flickering blue neon sign 'French Riviera 1988' a primer for the seedy fluorescent light glowing inside, infinitely far away from St Tropez. Thomas Dozol's Côtes d'Azurs accesses the silent encoding of high-street sex shops - full of accessories, 'literature' and DVDs -designed to distract you from your desire for the real thing. As is the case with most galleries too, once you've crossed the threshold from the street, the space is more welcoming than imagined. Here, the encounter proves less like a sex shop than a photographic darkroom. Enlarged prints hang on each section of the gallery walls, the UV 'black' light picking out the shapes of xeroxed bodies set off against fluorescent serigraphs. The closer you look, the more indigo-blue the white sections become, and the luminous yellow appears to glow iridescent green, a phenomenon that surprises visually for otherwise tired eyes grown accustomed to the ubiquitous backlit brightness of computer screens.

The press release quotes an SMS from Canadian novelist Douglas Coupland, a hint at Dozol's star-studded personal life as the unshrinking boyfriend of musician Michael Stipe. The writer wonders existentially: 'The other thing about 2012 is that people are more connected than they've ever been before – except they've been tricked into thinking they're isolated. How did that happen?' Dozol's exhibition is located in the overlap between our online and offline lives, and asks if anyone's ever getting the real thing.

Enjoying the way in which the exhibition seems to span the virtual space of Coupland's SMS introduction and the liminal space of the gallery illuminated in the shadowy UV light, I searched for the show online and discovered that the misspelling, or neologism *Côtes d'Azurs*, with the extra *s*'s, bypasses links to the actual French Riviera, connecting searches directly to this Bethnal Green gallery's website. These loopholes in perception read like fictive clues in a detective story, making the visit all the more memorable.

The work itself gives less away: the photographed figures stand stiffly and stare vacantly, collapse their heads in their hands or lean languidly against the colourful outlines. Recalling the similarly skinny, disaffected figures from Ryan McGinley's Moonmilk (2008-9) series of photographs set in dramatically lit underground caves, or Marc Camille Chaimowicz's alluring 'Four Quartet' collages of young fashion models making eyes behind layers of flowers (2010-12), Dozol's images are consciously lacking soul. Dozol has spoken about how, as so much of our daily lives is played out virtually, 'our bodies are these objects left behind'. The question of whether or not this process of disembodiment is so new and different from Marshall McLuhan's warnings from 50 years ago (about the numbing, trancelike effects of TV) feels overlooked, or perhaps repeated with such a strong emphasis placed on the sensation of the analogue. But at the same time, his thoughtful installation, with so many twists on the secondary, social experience of visiting a gallery, and the physical perception of viewing the work, animates the gaze, coaxed out from behind the screens we use to frame our lives.

#### **SHAMA KHANNA**



Amalia Pica Modern Art Oxford 14 December - 10 February

**The curators at** Modern Art Oxford have shot themselves in the foot by rounding off this major show of work by young Argentinian artist Amalia Pica (b. 1978) with a fascinating room documenting the lifework of Polish minimalist André Cadere (1934–78).

Most of Pica's work on display here has been made in the last couple of years, a time in which the artist has cemented her reputation; she was included in the official Venice Biennale exhibition in 2011, and in 2012 had her first UK solo show, at the Chisenhale Gallery in London, the city in which she now lives.

This exhibition consists primarily of quickly conceived, quickly realised sculptures that riff on the same ideas. Each one makes a pleasingly simple statement about our cultural attachment to materials, and the potential futility of powerful

forms and objects when we invert their material value. There's a red carpet made out of duct tape that leads from one blank wall to another, a complexly designed cardboard podium with nothing on it, a microphone made of white soap hanging limply from the ceiling.

Pica was born in Neuquén, which she describes as 'a small city in the valley of the Patagonian Desert', in the wake of the worst years of Argentina's 'Dirty War' between the state militia and guerrilla activist groups. One of the terms she comes back to in interviews, which seems to me key to unlocking her work, is 'homemade politics'. Her best works here - among them Sorry for the Metaphor #5 (2010), some badly printed posters pasted to the wall which show her shouting out (or holding up) a message to an empty mountain - address what seems to be a frustrated attempt to join forces, to unite the voices of people who are disenfranchised or living in rural poverty with little or no means of empowerment or infrastructure available to them. Restricted to the use of cheap materials and handcrafted gestures, the efforts of individuals will only ever lead down a duct-taped road to nowhere.

A new series of sculptures, entitled *Catachresis* (2011–12), is an anomaly here. They are composed of objects that in the English language are lent human aspects – 'legs' of tables, 'eyes' of needles, 'necks' of bottles and so on. While they constitute a neat observation about how we use language, and how it relates to our constructed visions of the world, in reality they are little more than quirky formal experiments, a cluttered irrelevance to the larger picture.

Cadere, by contrast, was a one-object artist. A dedicated polemicist, he believed that the gallery industry had assumed too much control over the production of artworks. He never produced exhibitable work apart from a series of identical sticks made of painted wood that he carried around on his nomadic travels. All that remains of him is sticks, photographs, writings and articles.

Both Cadere and Pica chose Minimalism for the same reason. They are both from poor communities, both interested in power, cheap materials and frustrated communication. Their work points to a void. 'What is established is destroyed, what is painted has no colour, what is stiff creeps everywhere,' said Cadere. If he was a poet, next to him Pica looks like a master of the one-liner, content to wrap up her ideas, like presents, for gallery spaces. Perhaps this has something more important to say about the aspirations of contemporary galleries today.

#### **FLORENCE WATERS**



**Thomas Dozol Cotes d'Azurs**, 2012 (installation view). Courtesy the artist and French Riviera, London



Amalia Pica Sorry for the Metaphor #5, 2010, A3 photocopies, 128 pieces, 470 x 330 cm (approx)



Alex Impey Orangutan, 2012. Photo: Ruth Clark. Courtesy Glasgow Sculpture Studios



# Rosemarie Trockel Kiss My Aura, 2008, metal, feathers & plaster, 65 x 25 x 25cm. Courtesy Sprüth Magers, Berlin & London, and Gladstone Gallery, New York & Brussels. © the artist, VG Bild-Kunst Bonn, 2012



Alex Impey: Orangutan Glasgow Sculpture Studios 17 November - 15 December

There's not much to look at in Alex Impey's installation. Of the two rooms, one is sparsely furnished with an equally spaced row of five thin vertical steel poles, pierced and laced with wire and fibre. Two small, framed graphite drawings on paper hang on the walls. Faint and indeterminate in their subject matter, they could have been ripped from a sketchbook. The second space contains only a set of rough, spindly timber shelves. A further, wall-mounted shelf just outside the gallery spaces holds a sheaf of A4 texts, which stand in for a press release or conventional interpretative gallery text.

The exhibition marks the culmination of Impey's yearlong Gordon Foundation Graduate Fellowship at Glasgow Sculpture Studios and continues a sculptural practice that encompasses words and writing as much as objectmaking. At times, Impey's writing has veered towards Concrete Poetry in terms of the artist's interest in wordplay and the visual form or physicality of the written word; at other times, a more diffuse sense of an interest in conceptual writing or postcriticism is at play. Presumably, then, the A4 handout is as much an artwork as the primary sculptures in the main spaces, though the relationship between the two practices is unclear, aside from the fact that both contain aspects of found or preexisting forms that have been reassembled or adapted by the artist.

Unlike the typical creative plagiarism or appropriative writing that is used in many 'parallel texts' or examples of writing-as-art, Impey's text is drawn from only one source (or at least, only one cited source): Paul A. Johnsgard's *The Avian Brood Parasites: Deception at the Nest* (1998). Beyond the discussion of visual mimicry and the idea of the parasite, there's not much to direct our reading of the sculptural works, or vice versa. The unintentional link, if there is one, is that both writing and objects are extremely dry and seem to sneer at their audience, assuming that most people won't get it. We are left to assume that this is another treatise on the aesthetics of boredom.

The artist's very self-conscious refusal to signify may pose a stimulating challenge to some. It may encourage a layered and sophisticated aesthetic response and a determination to engage with the work. But equally, the denial of any meaningful entry point threatens to leave others utterly indifferent, or unwilling to pursue any deeper understanding of the work. Perhaps this obscurantism and ambiguity mask a complex intellectual structure, but the objects don't operate effectively enough to demand a maximal response from this viewer. It's work that philosopher Richard Wollheim might have described as having a 'minimal art content'. Except it's not 1965 any more.

#### **SUSANNAH THOMPSON**



Rosemarie Trockel: *A Cosmos* New Museum, New York 24 October - 20 January

A Cosmos cements Trockel's reputation as one of our generation's most provocative, and most postmodern, 'badasses'. The artist has been making work for more than 30 years, and her three-floor antiretrospective really is a fascinating, epic exhibition that flouts the very conventions of a survey, particularly in the show-stopping second floor, which operates as a kind of wildly erratic 'cabinet of curiosities'; Trockel includes not only her work but also the works of others, including those of bizarre, outlier artists like Günter Weseler - his disconcerting Atemobjekt New Species U 90 /73 (Nr. 15, Nr. 16) (1973), consisting of two breathing discs of synthetic fur - as well as numerous anthropological specimens, including Lucky Devil (2012), a giant crab sitting on a pile of fabric. In the process, the very ontology of art - what is high and low, insider and out - is at once questioned and affirmed.

The conceptual starting point for *A Cosmos* is a small, white-tiled room on the second floor, in which *Untitled* (2012), a large, fake palm tree suspended upside down, is juxtaposed with both a framed picture of a tarantula poised on a woman's vagina and the installation *As Far As Possible* (2012), a white steel cage containing a tableau of mechanical stuffed birds perched, nonplussed, on branches. Trockel's quizzical methodology spills into the next room in the form of cases containing a smattering of odd curios.

In one, Morton Bartlett's tacky dancing ballerina figurine from 1959-60 - on loan, tellingly, from the Museum of Everything in London - is poised in front of its own photographic portrait, as well as Trockel's Geruchsskulptur 2 [Scent Sculpture 2] (2006), a combination leg and table made of ceramic and metal, upon which a tumbler is filled high with whiskey. In another case, a flock of paper birds sculpted by James Castle are surrounded by one of Trockel's small, white wool canvases and a blocky, white totemic figure she sculpted from metal, feathers and plaster. Precisely what sense is to be made of this gallery's disparate objects and images is left unclear, though clarity is beyond the point. Not unlike the system of taxonomy in the Chinese encyclopaedia that so fascinated Foucault, Trockel is putting forward an incongruous adjacency of things, from the cheap to the fine, that reflect our culture's conflicting value systems.

Elsewhere, the exhibition hews more closely to convention. The third floor is dominated by recent iterations of the artist's well-known knit and wool paintings, for which yarn is wrapped tightly around square and rectangular shapes to form striped and monochromatic geometric abstractions, a nod to Anni Albers vis-à-vis craft. In a rather contrived pairing, these woollen Modernisms are hung next to outsider artist Judith Scott's vaguely animalistic sculptures, which are suffocated in tightly wound knitting. Upstairs, Trockel's ceramic sculptures take on various organic and manmade shapes, such as coral and rock formations, chimney mantles and, with Landscapian Shroud of My Mother (2008), a strikingly architectural modernist platform. As elegant and wide-ranging in influence as these forms may be, they don't hold a candle to the Wunderkammer on the floor below, where Trockel radically pairs her own canon with the alternative canon of others.

#### **DAVID EVERITT HOWE**



Julie Blackmon: *Day Tripping* Robert Mann Gallery, New York 1 November - 12 January

In the Internet age, there is something vaguely unsatisfying about a photography exhibition, even if the photographs are large-scale and painterly like those in Julie Blackmon's *Day Tripping*. For netizens used to clicking through images at a rapid clip, the pictures seem stagnant. Resting behind glass panes, they fail to stimulate. It takes a certain amount of self-control to slow down and really look at each composition, knowing that most likely you can find it later on your laptop via a Google search.

On the face of it, Blackmon's photographs deserve such consideration. Taken on elaborately staged sets in Springfield, Missouri, where the artist was born and raised, the 11 surreal landscapes, inhabited almost exclusively by Aryan-looking children, are rich with layered details. In Picnic (2012), a group of young kids roam, apparently unsupervised, in a lush meadow. In the foreground, an antique pram holds three wailing naked babies. In the background, slightly older children trample through the long grass, one of them raising a hunting rifle towards a black bird. Like Fire (2012), in which a young boy triumphantly holds a burning branch in front of a crowd of children, the scene has a distinctly Lord of the Flies feel. Juxtaposed with images such as Sharpie (2011), in which a tiny girl lies on her back, her golden hair arranged like a halo, her arms raised in a gesture of ecstasy brought on, presumably, by huffing the permanent marker flung near her left hand, it is easy to read a sinister Peter Pan-like narrative into the exhibition.

'Neverland' is disrupted by the presence of adults in works such as Homegrown Food (2012), which is inspired, according to the press release, by the French painter Balthus's La Rue (1933). In the original image, which scandalised audiences when it was first shown, characters walking down a bustling street are seemingly oblivious to a middle-aged man sexually assaulting a schoolgirl. In Blackmon's image, a man, dressed all in black - in jarring contrast to the wholesome suburban scenery around him - smokes a cigarette in a lot between two shops, while a young blonde girl plays tennis against the storefront just around the corner. Unlike Balthus, who once stated that any girl older than 13 is an 'old camel, past her prime', Blackmon, who is the first of nine children, and a mother to three, is likely not exploring lecherous urges in her work. Instead, the picture is about isolation. The man is cut off from the world of the child. In the space of the image, they'll never touch.

Ultimately, however, this photograph, and many others in the show, are only as engaging as a screenshot from SimCity. Lacking depth enough to make it worth the trip to see the works in person, the exhibition lingers because of a single image, that of the angelic child getting stoned.

#### **BRIENNE WALSH**



Fore
Studio Museum in Harlem, New York
11 November - 10 March

Fore, an exhibition of 29 emerging artists of African descent living in the US, returns to issues first broached at the Studio Museum in a survey mounted in 2001. Called Freestyle, that show asked what it was to be black - or depending on where one sat in the audience, to be 'me', 'us' or 'them' - in contemporary America and how that experience of race informed the work of young artists of colour. In her catalogue essay, Freestyle's curator, Thelma Golden, mooted the idea of 'postblack', suggesting that race as an absolute, with its activist overtones, no longer defined identity. Rather, the sense of self had become, as the show's title implied, improvisational and multivalent. Its affects were individual and coded, drawing from and contributing to, but not defining, the personal experience of race.

'So, what happens to black after postblack?' This is the critical question the three curators of *Fore*, Lauren Haynes, Naima J. Keith and Thomas J. Lax, set themselves. The homophonic title of their show (it is the fourth in a series of surveys) suggests that meaning (like identity before it) is mutable, multiple and interpretive.

The exhibition includes a high quotient of artists who play with language. Many of them work in multiple media: painting, sculpture and particularly performance, blurring the boundaries between them. Being 'post-medium', as Lax characterises the mix in his catalogue essay, seems to enact, in terms of artistic methods, the open-ended possibilities of being 'post-black'.

Much of Fore seems to follow directly from *Freestyle*. Brenna Youngblood's painterly canvases collaged with graphic elements scavenged in Los Angeles - French-fry boxes from fast-food joints that she cuts to spell out words like 'burger', for example - and references to high art and local communities strongly recall the way that Mark Bradford employed papers used in perming hair to construct gridded canvases embedded with personal markers of his sexual orientation, his work as a hairdresser and the community in South Central Los Angeles where he lived. Firelei Báez's paintings of voluptuous figures, lifted from YouTube videos of street fights and painted in floral patterns on the pages of books removed from university collections, seem of a piece with the international phone bills painted with women boxing by Freestyle's Senam Okudzeto. Both mix the handmade and the appropriated to comment on the transfer of information, as well as the rupture, between American 'mainstream' and black culture.

Subtle differences do emerge, though. Okudzeto's work was primarily an assertion of identity based on personal experience: she was displaced as a child due to political turmoil in West Africa, and as an adult she maintains a broad network of relationships across the African diaspora; Báez, for her part, inserts images of women of colour into texts from which they were excluded or in which they were classed as primitive and uneducated. This is an act of enfranchisement that also implicates viewers by asking them to read, much as her collecting these pages is an act of reclamation. Although twodimensional, her pieces demand a time-based engagement - reading - from their viewers, and so subvert the divide between two- and fourdimensional work.

Such blurring of artistic categories, the appeal to performance and the use of art as a vehicle of communication and thus social intercourse (all ideas the curators highlight in their catalogue essays) will seem familiar to viewers who have seen shows like *The Ungovernables*, the triennial at the New Museum last spring, which focused on process and participation, the messy and the handmade. Lax, however, relates them to a specific cultural history,

though he never articulates the implicit issue: if 'black' is now 'post-black', the terms on which this community is constructed must be reconfigured. He cites historian Brent Hayes Edwards to note that, in twentieth-century African-American militancy, religious and cultural expression could be deeply political: an idea that distinguishes the propensity of the work in *Fore* to encode meaning, and to read the personal as political, from similar but more general cultural trends.

Ultimately it's in withholding information - which Lax relates to critic Fred Moten's concept of 'fugitivity', of escape and capture, presence and absence, in the experience of African Americans both past and present - that the work in Fore achieves its greatest distinction from Freestyle, and, paradoxically, the greatest potential for new drift. The effect of this withdrawal is clearest in Kevin Beasley's sculptures Untitled (Sack) and Untitled (Foot Neck) (both 2012): foam blobs encased in resin-impregnated T-shirts, plastic mattress covers and laundry bags. They lie on the floor like the remains of lives gone very wrong. Their materiality is so specific that they beg for a narrative, but they have been reduced to anonymous, if suggestive, masses and cannot be condensed further by interpretation. This inscrutability, which trades on doubt as an aesthetic principle, leaves its viewers equally on their own. Meaning, like identity, becomes personal, elusive and perhaps universal.





Brenna Youngblood (see Fore) Buffalo Burger, 2012, mixed media on panel, 132 x 117 cm. Courtesy the artist and Honor Fraser, Los Angeles



Julie Blackmon
Homegrown Food, 2012.
© the artist. Courtesy Robert
Mann Gallery, New York



Jen DeNike: *The Star Card* Anat Ebgi, Los Angeles 10 November - 26 January

Los Angeles is a deeply religious town. While its various centres anchor the better-known sects, such as Catholicism, Judaism and Mormonism, a vast panoply of small practices may be found just behind the open doors of repurposed storefronts all over town. The colour and vibrancy of the singing, dancing and proclaiming spills from dark industrial streets, and even from famous tourist spots.

It is in this context that one finds Jen DeNike's new work, at Anat Ebgi in LA's Chinatown, which is based entirely on the Star, the seventeenth trump, or Major Arcana card, from the Tarot deck. DeNike's installation, with its ostensibly strange video *The Star Card* (2012), of a voluptuous blonde woman repeatedly filling and emptying pitchers of water, and its meditation area made up of a homemade rug and pillows, doesn't actually seem that strange in LA.

In the video, the woman removes, one by one, a number of white paper cutout stars from her mouth while looking up at the sky. She is in a state in which celestial movements flow through and from her. Taken with the water pitchers, this suggests cycles of renewal, and from the placid nature of her demeanour, calmness in the midst of change. The woman also appears in two photographs – in one, emerging from water, and in the other, submerged beneath it as though to update Sir John Everett Millais's *Ophelia* (1852).

The exhibition's criterion for success seems to be the potential enlightenment of its audience, the willingness of a visitor to use the space for spiritual seeking, which in this case is the recognition of repetition and ritual as an opportunity for rebirth. The cues that lead the viewer to that recognition, while explicit in the video, stumble a bit in the other works, because they are products of DeNike's own ritualistic pursuits, and so necessarily coded and masked by that personal history.

It is a challenge for artists to charge objects with ritual significance, an even greater challenge to move the viewer into their own encounter with the silent side of meaning. To DeNike's credit, she is earnest in her effort, always leading off her shows with a performance to aid a viewer's transition: for this show, an orchestration of yogis, tarot readers and all manner of conjurings. She is intent on dissolving the gallery into a sacred space.

Art history's necessary inclination towards analysis compounds DeNike's challenge, however; and the installation can quickly pivot away from the strange world of LA's home-grown faiths into the mystical side of feminism, whether coming from the work of Kiki Smith, Ann Hamilton or Louise Bourgeois. Sadly, the air of contemporary art, with its checklist of art objects and references, blocks any traffic with the spiritual.

Not all viewers will have such an experience – for them, the show will be moving and necessary – but it raises the question of how the analytical, which can taint the intuitive side of things, overwhelms and drowns DeNike's conjured world.

#### **ED SCHAD**



Jordan Wolfson: Raspberry Poser REDCAT, Los Angeles 2 December - 27 January

The HIV virus, in case you didn't know, is depicted in molecular biology as an icosahedron (a 20sided polygon) or a sphere, out of which protrude peglike nodules representing the glycoproteins that fix onto and infect other cells. Dozens of these jolly red forms bounce across the screen in Jordan Wolfson's part animated, part live-action film Raspberry Poser (2012). Their rubbery pegs wobble as they jump on the sinks in posh showrooms and across the wooden floor of a luxury gym. They bound through the sunny streets of New York's SoHo, and swell to bursting against photographs of scantily clad teens on spring break. As they frolic among these scenes of shameless desire, they are buoyed by the heavy, synthetic beats of Beyoncé Knowles's Sweet Dreams from her 2008 album I Am... Sasha Fierce.

Wolfson has not made an AIDS artwork, though he comes perilously close. Another of the film's recurrent memes is a spent condom, overflowing with chubby little hearts, rendered, like the virus, in smooth CGI. As the condoms float and twist (in the weightless digital imaginary), the hearts spill out like confetti. Trying to read the work along issue-oriented or narrative lines, however, will get you nowhere. There are as many non sequiturs, wrenching jump-cuts and contradictions as there are coherent themes. At one memorable point, Mazzy Star's gorgeous 1994 hit Fade into You crescendos to an almost unbearable volume, then stops abruptly. A cartoon boy proceeds to strangle himself, and as his body contorts into an elastic arch, he asks us, in a voice that might well be the artist's, "Do you think I'm rich?" "Yes," replies a woman. "Do you think I'm homosexual?" "No."

What we think of the artist is a pivotal question in *Raspberry Poser*. An uncharitable critic might interpret the nearly 14-minute film collage as a modish exercise in cultural referencing; its disparate sources (bourgeois interior design magazines, shop windows, history-book prints of Caravaggio and Brueghel, tabloid newspaper cartoons) could seem to come proffered by the artist at arm's length, with an ironic smirk like that of the cocksure punk who wanders through Paris in one section of the film.

I think those people would be wrong. While most viewers would not know it, that punk is actually Wolfson, head shaved and costumed in ripped denim and leather. The figure is a parody of a subculture, but he may be a parody of the artist too. We expect a detached provocateur, someone who can film the window of a La Perla lingerie store without letting his thoughts wander. But who's to say that Wolfson does not like Mazzy Star, or Beyoncé? What's the inside of his apartment like? Do you think he's rich? Do you think he wants to be? If there is a moral to this film, it's that desire is infectious, and unconscionable.

#### JONATHAN GRIFFIN



Matias Faldbakken: SHALL I WRITE IT Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Zurich 2 November – 22 December

The absent question mark and all caps in the title of Matias Faldbakken's exhibition SHALL I WRITEIT is telling. It's a bored, sarcastic, rhetorical statement, and even before we see anything, we know as well as he does that there will be no such generous outpouring of words or meaning. But the Norwegian artist still goes through the motions of staging a reply. His press release opens with the familiar negatory quotes from Herman Melville's 1853 short story 'Bartleby, the Scrivener' ('I would prefer not to') and Flann O'Brien's 1967 novel The Third Policeman ("No" is, generally speaking, a better answer than "Yes".')

Embodied in hollow metal frames, empty cardboard boxes and illegible images in a palette of black, white and grey, Faldbakken's stance is one of tempered refusal, a game of half-hints filled with mute and resilient objects that dare us to try and pick at their slick surfaces. The cumulative effect is like walking through a foreboding, ruined pedestrian underpass, the work creating a setting that usually delivers the sense of some violence having taken place recently, the blood and graffiti mostly scrubbed away. The violence here is readily apparent: the crushed remains of two new fridges hover at head height, tightly connected from either end of the gallery's hallway by a long, taut stretch of red and green belt, each appliance crumpled and curled around the wall. Once the visual impact of Fridge Pull (all works 2012) settles, though, it feels safe, the destruction more brattish than anything else.

Faldbakken's strength lies more in obtuse threats. Two burlap bags sit tied up on the floor: one holds, we are told, Neil Strauss's pickup-artist exposé The Game (2005); the other, well, it doesn't matter, suggests its title Sack of the Game/Sack of Another Book. After a minute you notice the walls are dotted regularly with screws. The framed photos they might have held up are bundled in two sets of *Untitled* (*Image Sculptures*) in the back room, 15 photos bound together in each by ratchets, tightened to breaking point. The paired works sit dejectedly amid their own shattered glass and splintered wood. In one, the print of a newspaper clipping gives a view of a serene Scandinavian town, only two words legible in its cut-off caption: 'beautiful' and 'outcry'.

This is as explicit a narrative as we'll get out of Faldbakken. What's interesting is that this method, the solemnly performed 'no' of his work, hasn't changed or developed much over the past few years, so why does it continue to feel relevant and alluring? As cultural critic Greil Marcus put it in Lipstick Traces (1989), 'Negation is the act that would make it self-evident to everyone that the world is not as it seems - but only when the act is so implicitly complete it leaves open the possibility that the world may be nothing, that nihilism as well as creation may occupy the suddenly cleared ground.' SHALL I WRITE IT is an incomplete negation: the world is exactly as it seems, but Faldbakken is still trying to burrow his way through it. His work has the sort of frustratingly sleek, calm swagger that tries to absorb everything and give away nothing. But in its deliberate (and sellable) self-destructiveness, it has the feel of consciously and even coyly trying to finger the dark, seething intestines of the consumerist game that the artist is playing. His sarcasm, at least, is honest.

#### **CHRIS FITE-WASSILAK**



One on One KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin 18 November - 17 February

**One on One** is not your typical institutional art experience. On arrival, you are handed the show's essential instrument: a piece of card shaped like a Do Not Disturb sign for a hotel room, bearing the show's title, to hang on the door handle of more than a dozen purpose-built white boxes dotted around the institution. Once inside them you're on your own, theoretically for as long as you like. If you desire to spend an hour resolving the comic authoritarian dilemma offered by Hans-Peter Feldmann's One on One (2012) - a box of sweets on a plinth whose label instructs you not to take one - you can. If you dislike the piano music audible from outside Annika Kahrs's For Two to Play on One (2012), enter and stay: the pianists go silent in your presence. Want to spend all day waiting for Yoko Ono to phone the gallery (Telephone Piece, 1971-2012)? Nobody will stop you.

Time alone with art is a rare commodity in today's world. In the illuminating panel discussion accompanying the show, 'Dornbracht Conversations: Public Intimacy' (named for the exhibition's sponsor), curator Suzanne Pfeiffer noted that at Tate, for example, in order to ensure flow through the building, "the visitor can only spend 30 seconds in front of each work". Pfeiffer - whose final show at the venue this is - conversely wanted something potentially slow, and "difficult; not easy to handle". That is certainly the case with Trisha Donnelly's Untitled (2012), which robustly annexes the attic space: a cracked sheet of glass in metal casing, hung horizontally from the ceiling by aircraft cable and counterweights. It looks obscurely ritualistic, is heavy with atmosphere and doesn't fully unravel, however long you spend with it. Nor does Günter K's Margret (1969-70), a roomful of pinned-up ephemera - from railroad tickets to hotel bills to lottery tickets to hair and fingernails - though it might be a murder mystery. (Anri Sala, with typical productive economy, makes his contribution, 137 Days (2012), via a wide-angle lens inset into K's wall, so that when a Do Not Disturb sign is in place, one can watch amateur detectives at work.)

Indeed, the point is pertinently made. The downside of One on One is that, depending on how many people are using the gallery, the show can be a waiting game: in my experience, queues formed for a goodly number of the chambers, particularly when they contained a time-based work like a video installation. And once inside, one is aware of people waiting outside: maybe I'm too English, but that knowledge coloured my communing. Some of the quickly accessible rooms, meanwhile, feel so because they contain one-liners. But there are exceptions: rooms that look fast but operate rewardingly slowly, like the Blinky Palermo chamber, which features two works: Grey Disc (1970), a squashed ellipse of grey-painted plywood, and Blue Triangle (1969), painted above the doorway. These sit there, sharp and modest, resistant and funny, conversing with Ellsworth Kelly about shape and colour, and offering nothing to 'get', just miniature workouts for eye and mind. The mind eventually wanders, and I had to remind myself that if this experiment was repeated - and it does deserve to be - I'd get there at opening time.

#### **MARTIN HERBERT**

Matias Faldbakken
Shall I Write It, 2012
(installation view). Photo: Stefan
Altenburger Photography, Zurich.
© the artist. Courtesy Galerie
Eva Presenhuber, Zurich





Anri Sala (see One on One) 112mm/137 Days, 2012, (installation view, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin), chrome-plated brass tube, wide-angle lens, 11 x 4 cm. Photo: Uwe Walter. Courtesy the artist.

Ante Timmermans
Make a Molehill out of a
Mountain (of Work), 2012.
Courtesy the artist and
Kunstmuseum St Gallen



Viatka Horvat (See 53rd October Salon) In Holes, 2012. Photo: Ana Kosić. Courtesy Cultural Centre of Belgrade



Ante Timmermans: Ante Post Ante Kunstmuseum St Gallen 10 November – 17 March

Ante Timmermans's work is repetitive. Again and again the Belgian artist employs a recurring gesture as a method of identifying his concerns, and chief among these is repetitive labour itself. The centrepiece of this exhibition is the performative installation Make a Molehill out of a Mountain (of Work) (2012), created for Manifesta 9 in Genk. There it was located in a brick building on the Waterschei coalmine site, overlooking heaps of slag dug from the now-decommissioned facility. Faced with the evidence of this manual work, Timmermans celebrated its absurdity-the movement of material from below the ground to above it - with an even more fruitless endeavour. Recreated in St Gallen, four sections of shelving, set up to form a square, are stacked with reams of printer paper; inside the square, a desk and chair are set up for work, while to one side a further corridor of shelving is empty but for one ring binder. When present, Timmermans occupies himself by taking a single sheet of paper, punching two holes in it, stamping and signing the sheet before walking to the corridor to file it in the ring binder, then returning to the table in order to take another stroll that conveys the punched circles to a haltingly growing pile of confetti on another table.

As the exhibition title suggests, this show marks Timmermans's practice at the moment of and just after the Genk installation, a time and place that chimed perfectly with his work. Waterschei is a site in the process of being repurposed: as coal was once the engine for development of the Campine region of Limburg, where Genk is located, in the summer of 2012 culture helped conjure its future in an alternative economy, and if the importance of an alternative to a labour-intensive economy were not clear enough, the car manufacturer Ford announced the closure of its Genk plant less than a month after Manifesta 9 ended. Ante Post Ante demonstrates that Timmermans's work was less of a response to a place and more the culmination of years of engagement with the kind of industrial and social history Genk makes manifest.

Dozens of A5 portrait-orientated drawings, bigger placardlike drawings on paper of the same ratio, as well as videos and sculptures are also on display in the exhibition, and once again repetition is inescapable. The sketches, largely in thick black lines, are populated with slogans and wordplay, such as 'Sisyphus is happy' and 'bureautaining', about work, boredom, industry, leisure and more, like the words that fill urban space to compose the linguistic exquisite corpse of advertisements abutting municipal diktats that we experience day in, day out. The lines caption stark outlines of factory buildings, mechanical constructions and structures for labour that could be medieval or science fiction. The videos Fragment #1-11 (2005–12), meanwhile, are looping visual mantras, filmed or animated, including horses circling around a horse walker, and a hand that painstakingly traces the phrase 'All activities are recorded' in mirror writing.

The hypnotic thrum of this show almost dulls the questions these topics raise: what kind of society sentences humans to lives in mines and offices? What comes after the industrial? Is entertainment freedom or distraction from bondage? Yet while Timmermans conjures several bleak scenes, his narrative is not necessarily the familiar Orwellian one. He is ultimately ambivalent about whether these landscapes are postindustrial dystopias or romantic ruins, and what good, if any, culture does in such a location. If service- and commerce-driven economies create new liberty, to enjoy even the hybrid 'industriourism' the artist names in one drawing, do we now seek employment as a salve for empty lives?

#### AOIFE ROSENMEYER



53<sup>rd</sup> October Salon Former Geodetic Institute, Belgrade 22 September – 4 November

**In a time** of economic, political and social crisis, and of consequent cuts in culture funding in the Serbian Republic, the cheery title of this year's edition of the October Salon in Belgrade – *Good Life* – reads like dark satire. Standing in front of the exhibition venue, a derelict yet strangely beautiful monumental building, I find the title's

black humour even more pronounced. I am in the city for the first time (full disclosure: I was on the jury for one of the event's prizes). Since 2005, the exhibition, the first edition of which was held during the 1960s and which is organised by the city's cultural centre, has become more international in scope, and in its choice of artists and curators. This year's curatorial duo, Mika Hannula and Branislav Dimitrijević, use the strong melancholy of this rundown building, erected at the beginning of the twentieth century to house the city's stock market, to initiate a thought-provoking dialogue with the artists about the failure of that era's utopias, as well as the loss of - as they put it in the accompanying publication - the 'social imagination' of the century we are now living in.

With straitened financial support, the 30 or so invited artists (one third international, the rest local) had to use what they could bring with them or find on the spot. Nevertheless, the sitespecific works that resulted from such necessity are the ones that engage most strongly in an exchange with the building, the city and the current political situation. Annika von Hausswolff's new photographic series, An Oral Story of Economic Structure (2012), installed almost like wallpaper, depicts gold teeth found on online auction sites. In the neglected rooms, where high ceilings and stucco remind us of wealth and past grandeur, they speak of poverty and desperation: the good life seems very far away. Vlatka Horvat, meanwhile, has used everyday materials and discarded objects - old doors, metal pipes, old rubber bands - to construct minimal yet powerful, spatial sculptural interventions that make us aware of the different uses of the building and its various historical layers.

Reconstruction and reenactment, as ways to remember and debate our images of the past, are recurring artistic methods here. In Ana Hušman's film Lunch (2008) we find a humorous but still political approach. Her careful adaptations of advice from Yugoslavian etiquette books of the 1970s show us how to set a table, arrange the correct seating and entertain guests. Amid the nostalgia for the clothes, makeup and furniture, the social patterns and gender roles hidden inside these manuals are brought to light. Around the stairs and corridors of this huge building, meanwhile, are a series of framed ink-wash paintings on paper: Vladimir Miladinović has carefully reproduced pages from Serbian newspapers from the time of the civil war of the 1990s. The slow process of replicating the old newspaper pages is a work of remembering - the past rescued from oblivion. For the artist - too young to have read them at the time - this extensive, ongoing work is a revelation of the propagandistic nationalist discourse of his own childhood, and of how the brutal truth of the reality of war is hidden, distorted or denied, with the media as a willing tool.

#### **SARA ARRHENIUS**



Nessuno e Niente Scompaia Unosunove, Rome 13 December - 16 February

On the morning of election day in Britain in 1992, The Sun famously ran the frontpage headline, 'If [Labour leader Neil] Kinnock wins today will the last person to leave Britain please turn out the lights'. The same could be said, in all seriousness, with regard to Silvio Berlusconi's possible reelection in Italy this February, such are the number of people who are seriously considering emigrating should it actually happen. It is in this climate that Unosunove presents Nessuno e Niente Scompaia (No One and Nothing Disappears), a show that bucks the trend in current gallery programming, which has been moving sharply away from social and political art: due, in part, to a sense of overload, as political expression appears to migrate to the artworld for lack of any meaningful outlet in the wider world.

The show features work by Fabio Mauri, who died in 2009, and four young Italian artists: Raffaella Crispino, Bruna Esposito, Valerio Rocco Orlando and Eugenio Tibaldi. Mauri - an artist, writer and playwright famed for collaborating with, among others, Pier Paolo Pasolini - is something of a local hero here, a key figure in a generation of artists who incisively approached the issues of their time. Vomitare Sulla Grecia (To Vomit on Greece, 1972), for example, in which the artist placed spew-coloured resin in airsickness bags on a shelf, appears somehow timely. The piece, though, treats a historical issue, directly reflecting the physical sensation the artist felt in reaction to the military regime that ruled Greece from 1967 to 1974.

On an adjacent wall we see the results of Orlando's research into education – *Quale Educazione per Marte? (What Education for Mars?)* – which took place in schools in Rome in 2011 and Cuba in 2012. On display are two photos of student protests against education cuts in Havana and Rome, while in the room next door the artist shows a neon produced following his Havana workshops, entitled *Un Mundo Mejor Es Posible (A Better World Is Possible*, 2012), in the colours of the Cuban flag, and composed of its titular phrase.

Downstairs in a basement usually closed to the public, Esposito's Panni Sporchi (1992-3) features an indoor clothes rack strung with barbed wire mounted with candles. The artist says that the work, made in a moment of personal crisis, has no deliberate political or religious message, despite its clear evocation of Christian imagery. It is, like all art, a reflection on questions we cannot easily answer. The difficulty in finding answers isn't, however, reason to give up looking for them. Crispino's Weather Forecast (2012), in which 25 sentences taken from sci-fi movies are looped on an LED ticker sign. Sentences such as 'the war will last so long that one will forget why it started' demand that the viewer reflect upon past visions of a future not too distant from the present. In 2013, the economic crisis has gone on so long that we risk forgetting why it started - or at least giving up enquiring as to its true political nature. Within an art scene wearied by two years of political and social inquiry, Nessuno e Niente Scompaia convincingly militates against that

#### **MIKE WATSON**



Xavier Mary: *Petrolatum* Galerie Christian Nagel, Berlin 3 November – 8 December

Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz (previously Horst-Wessel-Platz) is, unsurprisingly, a historically loaded space. The Karl-Liebknecht-Haus here is the headquarters of political party the Left. Future Stasi head Erich Mielke shot two policemen in front of the nearby Babylon Kino back in 1931. The pavements are literally lined with political statements – Hans Haacke's memorial to Rosa Luxemburg sets her words, engraved in copper, into the ground. Any new attempt at polemical art on this site has a tough act to follow. With his installation in the square at Christian Nagel, though, Xavier Mary seems up to the task.

You're confronted with two large white-painted wagon wheels lined up against a wall, and two more lying on the floor. The wheels look as if they were made from giant slabs of Kendal Mint Cake or coconut ice; they appear edible. You bend over them and smell hopefully, but there's no aroma; they're made of petroleum jelly. It is now that you recognise the 'V' and the 'W' interlinked: the Volkswagen symbol. And there, high on the wall opposite, is a monumental steel grey mould of the logo. This is inverted and so not instantly recognisable. Lastly, in another corner, a small TV shows a loop of endlessly billowing smoke. The exhibition, the handout informs us, is called *Petrolatum*.

Petrolatum is, of course, petroleum jelly. As one of the byproducts of the oil industry, it can be used as a skin protectant – it seals wounds, preventing bacteria from getting a hold. Petrolatum has been used for everything from waxing moustaches to the prevention of jogger's nipple to easing anal fissures. As Vaseline, its use as a sexual lubricant is well attested. Artists have knowingly referred to those properties, such as Ed Ruscha's text painting *Sand in the Vaseline* (1974). Matthew Barney has used its material gloopiness in many works: his project *Drawing Restraint 9* (2005) went to the extreme by featuring a 25-ton sculpture of the stuff. Mary's use of petrolatum is more, ahem, restrained.

Mary is not the first to appropriate the VW logo, either. Recall Mike D from the Beastie Boys and the chrome VW grille ornament necklace he wore; remember the consequent rocketing theft of these artefacts in 1986. You can see small voids in old bonnets beetling around to this day. While fighting between communists and fascists went on in the square here, the VW, the people's car, had its production sponsored by Hitler. Mary thus neatly alludes to the fractious past of Germany and this site.

Currently second only to GM, Volkswagen aims to be the biggest car manufacturer in the world by 2018. Despite attempts at clean diesel technology and electric car experimentation, VW repeatedly incurs the wrath of Greenpeace. The TV in the corner, with its spewing toxic waste, is the rejoinder to the company's optimism. Here's Günter Grass, in his 26 January 1991 diary entry in From Germany to Germany (2012), talking of the first Gulf War and the battle to control economic oil interests: 'all that can be seen at work is power-hungry stupidity, for the predictable ecological disaster will make losers of us all, including the neutral parties'. That's Mary's take, in summary. There wasn't much of the love bug in the room.

#### JOHN QUIN



Nessuno e Niente Scompaia 2012 (installation view). Photo: Valerio Iacobini



Xavier Mary
Petrolatum, 2012 (installation
view). Photo: Simon Vogel.
Courtesy Galerie Christian
Nagel, Berlin & Cologne, 2012

Michel François
Pièce à Conviction - One from
the Other (Wax Revenge),
2012, bronze, red wax, 116 x 123 x
110 cm. Photo: Allard Bovenberg,
Amsterdam. Courtesy the artist
and Xavier Hufkens, Brussels



Paul Kos
Emboss I, II, III, 1995,
photographs, 205 x 97 cm
each (each in an edition of 10).
Courtesy Galerie GeorgesPhilippe & Nathalie Vallois, Paris





Michel François: *Pièces à Conviction* Xavier Hufkens, Brussels 29 November - 12 January

For almost 30 years, Michel François has developed a practice at once changeable and coherent. The Belgian artist employs photography, film and installation, but might be most accurately described as a sculptor. Though he does not make sculptures in the traditional sense of the word, François's oeuvre is pervaded by sculptural questions, which he translates in a clever and at times poetic manner. This is also the case with Pièces à Conviction, his most recent exhibition at Xavier Hufkens. The title refers to pieces of evidence that are collected and labelled in the cellar of the Palace of Justice in Brussels. François photographed these items on shelves, often covered in police tape, and glued the pictures as a mural on one of the gallery's walls. In these fragments of evidence the artist apparently sees a resemblance to his own practice, as the pieces evolve from ordinary objects to items with a history, just as he transforms found objects with a sculptural potential, like a bar of soap, into works of art. And like the evidence, François's sculptures elsewhere in the show often display traces of their past - and sometimes even of their process of creation.

Take, for example *Vitrine 2* (2012), a glass vitrine containing white and brown objects in organic shapes. They look like prehistoric relics in an archaeological museum display, or miniature sculptures with Henry Moore-like contours, but their origins are much more prosaic: these are blocks of salt used by farmers as a nutritional supplement for their cattle, their special shape formed by the livestock licking the salt and unknowingly sculpting the objects. The work combines François's interest in the *objet trouvé* with a sculptural process.

The artist does not, however, simply show existing objects: he also creates new works in which he disrupts classical sculptural techniques. That is the case with Wax Revenge (2012), a sculpture evoking the different versions of an earlier work, Scribble (2009), for which he translated scribbling on paper as 3D volumes. Here the bright red sculpture resembles a ball of wool or wire, with little tubular channels of wax - used to pour bronze in the 'lost wax' technique of manufacturing sculptures in that material - concealing the costly metal underneath. By using these leftovers of the sculpting process, the artist deliberately inverts it. The inversion is also echoed through his use of material, and the unusual decision to hide noble bronze under a cheaper wax cot. Instant Gratifications (2012) exists as a corner piece and in a circular version, and looks like mud splatters on the wall. These are bronze wall sculptures, however, resulting from the thermic shock provoked by pouring burning hot bronze onto a cold surface. Indeed, François's work often looks like the result of an accident or coincidence, as in Contamination (2012), a white plaster panel whose underside has turned black thanks to its being dipped in a bath of ink and soaking up the colour.

Despite the variety of works and techniques used, then, the pieces in this show share a play with form and material, dealing with the very nature of sculpture. Whether using found objects or disrupting the traditional processes of creating sculpture, François formulates an intelligent, fresh approach to his medium, managing to be at once aesthetically pleasing and iconoclastic.

### SAM STEVERLYNCK



Paul Kos: Allegories and Metaphors (1968–2012) Galerie Georges-Philippe & Nathalie Vallois, Paris 23 November – 19 January

**Catching your eye** straightaway in *Allegories and Metaphors*, a triptych of full-length photographs depicts, in the 1920s style of high-contrast black-and-white, a naked female, facing away. Her curvaceous backside bears the impressed patterns of three seats: two in wrought iron (one slatted, one mesh), and one in wood and cane, the chair

standing next to her in each case. Paul Kos's 1995 series *Emboss I-III* (or dare we rebaptise it *One (Woman) and Three Chairs*, since one can't help being reminded of a certain 1965 work by Joseph Kosuth?) is the quintessence of the wittiness separating West Coast Conceptualism from the austere, historically dominant New York version. One of its leaders in the Bay Area since the late 1960s, Kos was introduced to the Vallois gallery by one of his former students, French artist Julien Berthier – which resulted in this, his first solo show and survey in Paris, bringing together a small selection of his static and kinetic sculptures, photographs and videos, from 1968 to 2012.

While Kos came up with the idea of Emboss in a Parisian café summers ago, amused by the seat-prints that loungers wearing shorts or skirts would carry away upon leaving, his aesthetics typically proceed in situ, like Lot's Wife (1969), his first work to use materials indigenous to their environment: local Jersey cattle. Invited by Rene di Rosa, the great supporter and collector of Bay Area art, to his Napa Valley wildlife reserve, Kos ended up stacking a pile of cow-lick blocks in the middle of a herd, documented by three photographs. As an ironic sequel to the biblical figure turned into a pillar of salt for looking back at Sodom against divine command, the cows would eventually lick away the ephemeral sculpture. With site, too, often comes anecdote, whether personal or cultural: as with Montezuma's Gift (1998), a pedestal-mounted bronze roll of toilet paper covered with gold leaf. Satirically embodying the precious metal with which the Aztec ruler vainly hoped to welcome the Spanish conquistador Hernán Cortés (whose forces eventually killed Montezuma in 1520), it evokes the vernacular expression venganza de Moctezuma (Montezuma's revenge) used since to designate cases of diarrhoea contracted by travellers in Mexico.

Since the beginning of his career Kos has been working on viewer-participation pieces. One example here is Equilibre IV (1992), a coat hanger that has been unwound into a single long wire and balanced on a freestanding broom, the hanger holding in equilibrium a bell on one end and a candle on the other. "If one lights a candle, one worries, how much does a flame weigh?" the artist tells me. While tension ran high during my visit and the precarious arrangement crashed to the floor, another piece, Diminuendo/Crescendo (2011) is only complete if you venture to play its game. The musical notation for the two dynamics is painted on a wallsize panel, diminuendo on top of crescendo, pierced at their highest points by, respectively, a small and a large hole. Tossing a lightweight wooden ball into the first or a heavy steel one into the second produces a complex sound modulation through the cacophony of their descent, as the panel conceals two intricate labyrinths of tubes, both of which terminate at a bell. Ding!

#### **VIOLAINE BOUTET DE MONVEL**



Isabel Nolan: *Unmade*The Return, Goethe-Institut, Dublin
16 November - 21 December

For Unmade Isabel Nolan wrapped 144 steel pipes of different lengths in fabric of various colours (cool greys, black, lemon-yellow) and patterns (meandering flowers, ticking). This is shown as a floor piece entitled Festina Lente Rug (all works 2012), but it allows for other configurations, too, some of them shown in seven black-and-white photographs along one wall. The elements of Festina Lente Rug are laid out in a way that is too purposeful to be scattered, but not purposeful enough for the whole to be patterned itself. This diligent casualness is quite an achievement, even suggesting an ethics (the old saying festina lente, or 'hasten slowly', appears inscribed on a Georgian panel above the cornice of the gallery). In the small gallery space, one therefore picks one's way across the floor pursued by the suspicion that the work has halted only momentarily.

Each configuration of these elements is a carpet of sorts, yet uncoupled from the form's typical materials. A cautious analogy: each configuration has the density of a proposal or wish. A final element is a shin-high, black, roughly spherical polystyrene and plaster ball, *Thoughtless*, which sits in the corner of the gallery like a quiet but potentially clumsy guest. *Thoughtless* attests to Nolan's interest in the nocturnal life of objects and reminds one here that a sense of order comes more from groping than grasping.

It is this groping towards order that drew Nolan to the nocturnally fashioned 'rugs' of Marie Lieb, a patient admitted to Heidelberg psychiatric hospital in 1894 with 'periodic mania'. Two photographs on the far wall (originally published in German psychiatrist Wilhelm Weygandt's 1902 textbook Atlas und Grundriss der Psychiatrie and now in Heidelberg's Prinzhorn Collection of art by psychiatric patients) show the floor of Lieb's room on different occasions after she had torn strips of fabric and arranged them into a carpetlike pattern of stars, flowers, crosses, triangles, oblique borders and what might be letters. Nolan writes that each gives 'only the bones of a carpet'. Whether Lieb's motivation was territorial claim or somnolent doodle, what one feels most vividly is that these skeletal carpets are incomplete and the result of a slow and deliberate process, and so connect to Festina Lente Rug.

Treated as the expression of a psychiatric disorder, Lieb's 'rugs' relate to outsider art and art brut. Nolan gives them a different context, as seen in the seven photographs: as an archive of motifs titled Spare Rug for Marie Lieb and as a homage to philosophical thought in Travel Rug for Philosopher and Theologian Giordano Bruno (b.1548-d.1600) Who Hypothesised That the Universe Is Infinite. A third example, Rug for Not Right Now, exemplifies the loose matching of pattern with purpose seen in all the other arrangements: an enquiry into an elusive sense of order. Ernst Gombrich wrote in his essay 'Raphael's Madonna della Sedia' (1956): 'I feel that we ought to know more about the way complex orders are created.' With these latter configurations, in particular, Nolan responds to this request.

#### **TIM STOTT**



Olinka, or Where Movement Is Created Museo Tamayo, Mexico City 11 December - 15 April

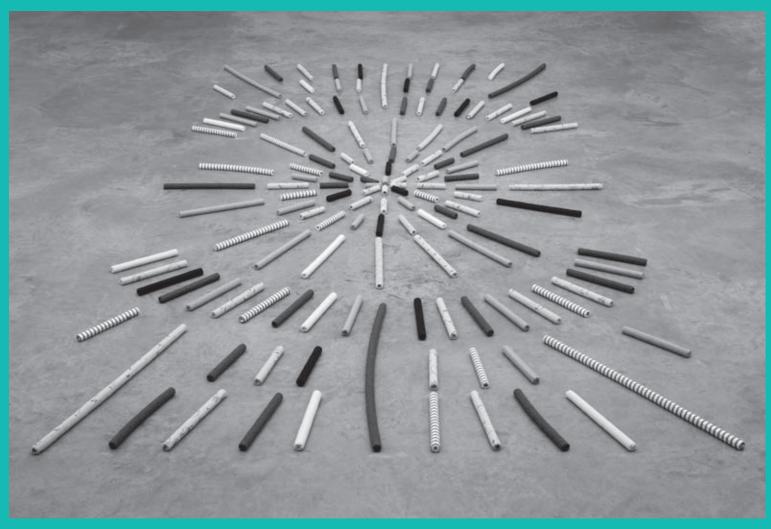
Suffice it (barely) to say that this show, curated by Adam Szymzcyk, functions simultaneously as a Benjaminian thesis on history, a solid but debatable treatise on curating and a historical drama, this last replete with a breathtakingly beautiful heroine, so rich and compelling that one leaves eagerly awaiting the Hollywood biopic. Who is this magnificent creature? A certain Nahui Ollin (Carmen Mondragón) - a muselike provocateur of legendary beauty who, during the 1920s and 30s, was a poet and a painter of the Mexico City art scene. She was also - briefly - the mistress of Dr Atl, renowned Mexican painter of volcanoes, who gave her the tumultuous Aztec sobriquet Nahui Ollin (meaning 'four movements' and symbolising earthquakes). And despite its title - Olinka (also 'movement', 'earthquake' in Aztec), which was Dr Atl's name for an imagined utopian city of culture - this exhibition's muse is clearly Nahui Ollin, on both intellectual and symbolic levels. And that's because she, something of a force majeure, could be said to embody the notion of history as a nonlinear phenomenon generatively formed by volcanic events, which disrupt and reconfigure the past, thus gesturing to its fundamental instability.

This inspired reading of history features a heterogeneous selection of works by a handful of Szymzcyk staples - among them Paulina Olowska, Thea Djordjadze and Danh Vo - who have all produced works specially for the show; by several Mexican artists, such as Mariana Castillo Deball and Tercerunquinto; and by European artists based in Latin America; as well as historical paintings and ephemera by Dr Atl and Nahui Ollin herself (in the form of paintings, watercolours and books of poems - not to mention photographs of the woman). Discreetly interspersed among the works are A4-size wall quotations culled from philosophy, poetry and literature (sampling the likes of Giorgio Agamben, Roberto Bolaño and Emily Dickinson), which contextualise as much as they distract from the viewing experience. A series of original typewritten pages, in which Dr Atl describes his utopian vision of Olinka, can also be read on the wall.

I have mixed feelings about this exhibition. That it took me basically half my word count to get through its imperfectly told premise is distinctly symptomatic of the extent to which the curating dramatically overshadows its contents. The conflation of research and art is equally disconcerting, for the simple reason that aestheticisation of the former does little but exalt the author of the exhibition.

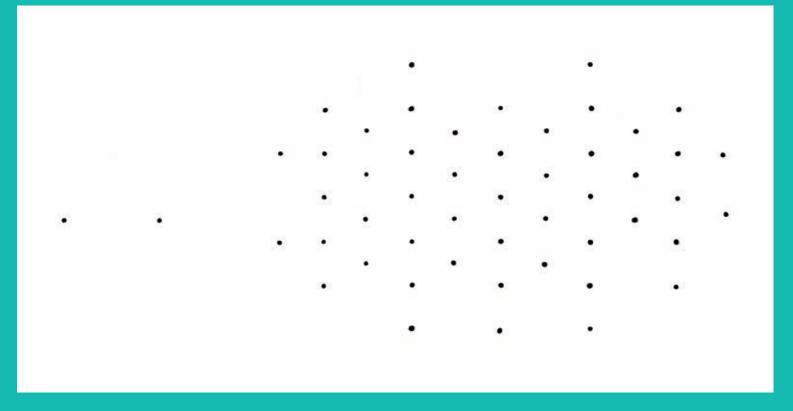
Now, to contradict myself, I like this show for the same exact reason that I find it problematic: rarely has curating felt as thoughtful, personal, totalising and – I dare say – like a work of art. This is by no means to imply that Szymzcyk does not seem to love the art on display here, but that it is anything but in the service of his curatorial vision cannot be doubted for an instant. If the last Documenta marked the absolute apotheosis of the curator, then this exhibition could be said to function as an epilogue, potentially ushering in an age of curatorial decadence.

#### **CHRIS SHARP**



Isabel Nolan
Travel Rug for Philosopher
and Theologian Giordano
Bruno (b.1548 - d.1600) Who
Hypothesized That the
Universe Is Infinite, 2012,
black-and-white photograph,
42 x 30 cm (paper), 18 x 27 cm
(image). Courtesy Gracelands,
Limerick City, and Kerlin
Gallery, Dublin

Mariana Castillo Deball (see *Olinka*) *Ligero, Invisible, Mudo*, 2011, India ink on cotton paper, 35 x 70 cm. Courtesy the artist





Wang Haiyang: *The Metamorphosis* White Space, Beijing 15 December - 24 February

**Though each only** three-and-a-half-minutes long, Wang Haiyang's animated videos *Freud*, *Fish and Butterfly* (2009) and *Double Fikret* (2012) make an ample impression. Sitting before the screens in what is a simple exhibition comprising the videos themselves plus a few studio photographs and two drawings, one is reminded of the appeal of animation – a medium seldom encountered in commercial galleries in China.

Wang, we learn from the exhibition text, is originally a painter. Indeed, these tireless sequences seem born of a surplus of energy – an impulse towards executing images in a more rapid and fickle manner than 'straight' painting might engender. To produce each video, Wang affixed a sheet of sandpaper to the studio wall, drew upon it, photographed the image, erased it, and drew again. After 1,200 separate drawings had been done, he spliced together the photographs of them to create moving visual narratives. The rhythmic sound of an eraser scraping the rough surface of the sandpaper is ever present, conjuring an odd simultaneity of artistic action – drawing and rubbing out.

The character of the imagery here is dreamlike and random, featuring, for example, a horse's head, geometric shapes, an upside-down church, plants and roots, conjoined hands, surreal situations in which two men might sit down to eat at a table with shoes strapped to their faces, grotesque sexual representations, yellow human ribs and a letterbox. Executed in a spontaneous mode in bright, chalky-textured colour, these various beings and things are all somehow connected in the sequence - endlessly morphing, as in the exhibition's title. Thus might a stem sprout tendrils that splinter into butterflies, or the head of a figure of Freud in a bathtub in some barren landscape open to release an unknown shape, which in turn becomes a man's shirt. These are vivid flights of the imagination - surreal, keen and engaging, with the productive tinge of inertia that inhabits much good animation.

'Metamorphosis' is a notion laden with references - particularly in a Western literary context, denoting transformation and explorations of identity. To have called this exhibition 'The' Metamorphosis (leading with the definite article) suggests more of an inclination towards philosophical statement than there would otherwise have been. Yet - and though Wang says he is aware of these links - there seems not to be a thread underpinning the flow of images beyond what is made manifest through free association. Of note, however, is that in certain moments a hand from outside the sandpaper field intrudes. A giant egg rolls from the doorway of a red cathedral only to be stopped by the corner of the sandpaper which the hand pulls in to crush it; later, a real fork enters from above, picking up a cluster of geometric shapes which it deposits on a plate in the ensuing frames. These moments loosely signal another realm that might or might not be the 'real' one, or an omniscient author whom we never see, and whose final purpose is unclear. Such layers offer food for further thought.

Thus does *The Metamorphosis* prove a rewarding experience for its industrious show of artistry and imagination. Regardless of deeper layers, these videos are potent and lively; few viewers will refuse such visual play, especially when it is so beautifully executed. In Wang Haiyang, one feels, there is an artist who can really develop through this medium, and one looks forward to new work.

### IONA WHITTAKER

### **Books**

**INTERVIEWS** 

Extreme Metaphors: Interviews with

J.G. Ballard 1967–2008

Edited by Simon Sellars and Dan O'Hara 4th Estate, £25 (hardcover)

'All obsessions are extreme metaphors waiting to be born,' J.G. Ballard told The Paris Review's Thomas Frick in 1984. It's not the only time the title phrase appears in Extreme Metaphors, which collects 40 years of interviews given by the British novelist, who died in 2009. Interviews can be a hard arena for writers. Few are naturally gregarious. The same or similar questions recur. Naturally, the writer ends up repeating himself or herself, quoting themselves, and the same boilerplate phrases and well-rehearsed spontaneity start to dog them. It's conceivable that the reason novelists are prone to Amis-like contrarianism is simply as a means of coming up with something new to say and to break away from the familiar script. A few choice words about Israel or women and suddenly the afternoon is a shade more interesting.

For the same reason, collected interviews are not a common form of biography, or a necessarily appealing prospect for readers – too much echo in the chamber. But with Ballard it's different. He repeats himself, sure. *Empire of the Sun* (1984) took 40 years to write because Ballard's experiences as a child internee of the Japanese in wartime Shanghai 'took a long time to forget and a long time to remember' – a line we remember from his autobiography, *Miracles of Life* (2008), which also crops up a couple of times in *Extreme Metaphors*.

And there are those recurring Ballard obsessions: media technologies; surrealist art; ruins, particularly bunkers, drained swimming pools and abandoned hotels; human anatomy;



deserts and jungles; highways and the car; media figures such as Elizabeth Taylor and Marilyn Monroe; sex and violence, viewed with medical detachment. These are marbled through the interviews from the first to the last. But their persistence isn't a continual or tiresome retreading of the same exhausted turf. Ballard used his obsessions, he tended them, he set them up as the totem poles of a private mythology. They were the basis for his truly amazing foresight. 'At any given time, I'm aware that my mind and imagination are setting towards a particular compass point, that the whole edifice is preparing itself to lean... like a great ramshackle barn,' he told Frick.

In his excellent introduction, Simon Sellars (who ably edited this collection with Dan O'Hara) calls the 200 recorded conversations with Ballard a 'second sun' in the Ballardian galaxy, 'an enormous parallel body of speculation, philosophy, critical inquiry and imaginative flights of fancy that comments critically on his writing, often explains it and, sometimes, extends or goes beyond it'. Ballard liked to talk and used interviews as laboratories for his writing, 'a workshop for experimentation', a place to test, refine and recombine ideas. The imagery builds up like lacquer, and Ballard proves a remarkably consistent commentator on the passing decades, watching the approach of the media-saturated,

affectless twenty-first century he was sketching out during the 1960s, when his science-fiction peers were prophesying nuclear wars and space adventures.

Extreme Metaphors is also a lavish serving of insight into Ballard's technique as a writer his habitual favouring of technical literature and visual arts over the work of his fellow writers, for instance. Gray's Anatomy and the Warren Commission Report into the assassination of John F. Kennedy are separately cited as the greatest novels of the twentieth century; Damien Hirst is later called one of the century's greatest novelists (because his descriptions of his work are so much better than the installations themselves). Ballard makes a persuasive case that fictions of one kind or another have penetrated every part of reality, that 'nothing is spontaneous, everything is stylised, including human behaviour'. 'We are living inside an enormous novel, written by the external world,' he tells Carol Orr in 1972. 'The one node of reality left to us is inside our own heads.' Few have been willing or able to map their personal 'innerspace' to the same extent as Ballard. The inside of his head was a fascinating place, and he was always generous about allowing in visitors. Extreme Metaphors is the season ticket.

**WILL WILES** 

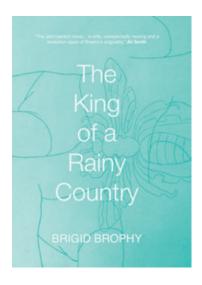
**FICTION** 

# The King of a Rainy Country

By Brigid Brophy Coelacanth Press, £10 (softcover)

Leaning out of the window of a hotel, located at some point along the road from Padua to Venice, Susan, the narrator and protagonist of The King of a Rainy Country, notes, 'I can smell horse dung and lime trees.' This comic but nonetheless beautiful and evocative style of description is in evidence throughout the novel. Originally written in 1956 but republished (after an extensive period out of print) by the arts and literary zine The Coelcanth Journal, Brigid Brophy's novel is a breeze of a read. Susan and her 'notquite boyfriend' Neale go on a not-quiteexplained quest to track down Susan's schooldays love, a girl named Cynthia. The journey takes them from murky 1950s London to Venice at the height of the film festival. (To someone used to attending Biennale press briefings, the description of sitting through the annual event's long press conference, held in Italian, rang acutely true.) The school friend is a mere MacGuffin, however, with the real subject of the couple's story being a meditation on whether anyone can ever be fully happy living in a single moment without expectation or retrospection. 'Suppose one had the courage to throw all one's vitality into a single occasion. Suppose one dared to pin on it all one's appreciation, all one's sense of beauty,' asks Neale at one point. The novel's poignant and rather masterful ending bravely seeks out that suggestion.

### **OLIVER BASCIANO**





By John Updike *Knopf*, \$45 (hardcover)

In a 1967 interview for *The Paris Review*, John Updike measured his belief in the 'miracle' of authorship by claiming, 'I would write ads for deodorants or labels for catsup bottles, if I had to.' The American writer's subsequent career can be taken as an orthodox, if higher-brow, demonstration of his creed: at a steady pace of three pages a day, Updike punched out such a prodigious amount of prose, criticism and verse that literary critic James Wood could only snidely comment that 'paper will bear any writing, and great productivity is not in itself any kind of blessing'.

Updike was a rare man of letters in his generation, and the anachronistic distinction fits a novelist closely aligned with nineteenth-century realism as much as the self-assured intellectual who cast few disciplines outside of his critical scope. Nonetheless, this reviewer was surprised to learn of Updike's perennial museum beat and that *Always Looking* is his third collection of art writings.

Art writing is a 'field where to be an amateur is not necessarily a disgrace,' Updike has remarked. Falling in step behind Baudelaire and Henry James, he fills the collection's 13 long-form essays with artisanal glosses on Monet, Degas and other mainstays, though seems most at ease on home turf, in the wild origins of American painting. Many of his favourites, including John Singleton Copley, Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins, received full profiles in the author's previous collection (*Still Looking: Essays on American Art*, 2005); here, they span the breakneck chronology of 'The Clarity of Things: What's American About American Art?', Updike's

2008 lecture for the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Coinciding with Picturing America, a National Endowment programme that placed posters of seminal American works in classrooms and public libraries, the lecture situates Updike as the preeminent voice on the nation's art - an unusual category for a contemporary critic, which yields an even stranger tautology, as the author demarcates the essential characteristics of American artmaking that must, in turn, demarcate his own. What results has less to do with critique than a national writer writing nationalism: in this case, the story of the aesthetic pioneer 'born into a continent without museums and art schools' with 'Nature as his only instructor', whose aesthetic preferences reflected a puritanical investment in the empirical world.

Updike begins his lecture by acknowledging that 'inquiries into an essential American-ness are less fashionable, my impression is, than they were fifty years ago', largely for focusing on the nation's 'thin-lipped' male WASP founders. His America has not yet inherited the constrictions of this original patriarchy, nor assumed the seat of global hegemony, but remains as it was when Nathaniel Hawthorne, against the backdrop of the Civil War, 'saw in art itself a refutation of whispers "that the nation would exist only a little longer". As the nation suffered growing pains, in other words, art aided its maturation; and while fated to lie in Europe's shadow until Abstract Expressionism, American painting drew upon this minor, outsider status.

Critic James Wolcott has described Updike's literature as elegising 'entropy American-style with a resigned, paternal, disappointed affection'. The author's writing on early American art exhibits a similar care and focus not incompatible with nostalgia's discriminating effects. Updike himself has confessed that he is numb to work made in the last 30 years, finding the open horizons of modern art to offer 'a dreadful freedom'. 'The written word, and the mode of thinking that words shape,' he notes, 'still stand embarrassed before abstract art.'

Always Looking takes the author as far into abstraction as Richard Serra's 2007 MoMA retrospective, where he breaks from the comforts of character study, calling out the lack of attention, in the exhibition catalogue, to the offshore manufacture of the artist's 'rusty slices'. Pages later, the familiar Updike returns; he measures the steels against religious and national monuments, for example, only to find fault with 'the absence of any content that would confirm a public in its ideology'. Despite his avowed faith that, per William Carlos Williams, 'there are no ideas but in things', Updike stops short of recognising that the obtuse forms of modern art, like the American wild, can ground both minor publics and multiplicities.

### **TYLER COBURN**



By Georges Perec Melville House, \$18.95 (softcover)

Regular readers of this magazine will know that Georges Perec is possibly the greatest writer who ever lived. For irregular readers, Perec was a master of language and its usage, frequently writing under constraints laid down via a series of mathematical or procedural rules. His genius lies in the fact that despite this nerdiness, his texts remain interesting for the content (detective novels, sporting reports, bland descriptions, meditations on the Holocaust, etc) as much as their form. So everyone will be excited to know that one of Perec's few remaining untranslated texts, La Boutique Obscure, a collection of 124 dreams recorded by the author at the end of the 1960s and beginning of the 1970s, is now available in English. On the face of it, it's a chance to get beneath the shell of Perec's formal systems and probe the soft pale body of the man himself. So what does Perec

dream about? Pretty ordinary stuff. The correct name for a height gauge, his fame and status as a writer, his health (and potential lack of it), how much people love him, being a soldier, concentration camps, killing his wife and wrapping her dismembered corpse in small packages, and finding a number of 'e's in A Void (1969), his novel that wasn't supposed to contain any (and was written so brilliantly that one reviewer failed to notice the absence of that particular vowel over the course of the work's 300-odd pages). That last, of course, only enhances the sensation that the man who absented himself from another novel via a lipogram is finally unveiling himself in this book. But as Perec warns us in his preface: 'I thought I was recording the dreams I was having; I have realized that it was not long before I was having dreams in order to write them down.'

MARK RAPPOLT

**ART HISTORY** 

### Forgetting the Art World

By Pamela M. Lee MIT, £20.95/\$29.95 (hardcover)

As recently as five or six years ago—if I remember rightly—it wasn't the done thing, within the artworld, to use the term 'artworld'. It smacked of PR speak and society pages, of some invented circus, only half real, that had sprung up around art, which was, after all, the only important thing. Now the term is ubiquitous: the circus has turned out to be as real as anything else in art. The title of art historian Pamela M. Lee's latest volume might suggest that she has written a book about why we shouldn't pay attention to the 'business end' of art, or the oligarchs-champagne-canapés-private-jets stuff, and instead return to some kind of Edenic state in which we could focus solely on art. In fact, she does nothing of the sort.

Instead, Lee's title extends from the book's thesis that this 'other artworld' no longer exists. By this she means, tracking back to Arthur C. Danto's influential 1964 essay 'The Artworld', that there is no longer a separate sphere in which the theory of art manages to divide art from the rest of reality (Danto's best-known example is Andy Warhol's Brillo boxes). Art, believes Lee, has entered a new phase, in which it has collapsed back into the rest of the world because global economics impacts on its production more than ever before and because contemporary art is a highly active agent in globalisation. 'We need to force the question of our own embeddedness in this world,' she writes. 'How to confront the relation between globalisation and contemporary art when we are both object of, and agent for, such processes.' Over the last decade or so, some 30 years after the term 'cultural capital' was first coined, art has come to serve as a 'vector for the flight of global capital', Lee observes, and it has been instrumental in the 'culturisation' of economics, as it unfolds in terms of investment, job creation and so on. So if the champagne, canapés and fairs are an expression of frothing wealth that is attracted to art and its collectors, then so, to some extent, are the works made by certain artists, because their ability to produce at a certain level rests on the movements of global capital and the cultivation of collector classes in emergent economies. This, Lee suggests, means that there has been a loss of ability to critique art effectively, due to the fact that such embeddedness means that there is no 'outside' of this exchange.

In each chapter Lee takes a particular artist as a case study – Takashi Murakami, Andreas

Gursky, Thomas Hirschhorn. There is also a final chapter on 'pseudo collectivism' (a phenomenon that encompasses the work of Rags Media Collective, the Atlas Group, the Invisible Collective and others). Though all of these are artists whose work has already been extensively written about and discussed (and, I feel compelled to mention, almost all of them are male), Lee's in-depth analyses push the discourse around each in expansive new directions which enlighteningly focus on postwar developments in industry and technology. Murakami's art enters into a realm of 'frictionless capitalism' in a chapter that sees the author draw together the industrial and postindustrial history of the automobile industry, Bill Gates's Business @ the Speed of Thought (1999) and the history of the Bézier curve (developed by Pierre Bézier for Renault during the 1960s). The empty signs of Murakami's art - blank 'superflat characters' – are created with vectors - Adobe Illustrator rather than Photoshop, in other words - and so can move from plate to football to handbag to toy figurine with alarming ease, and are therefore easily transformed into cultish products of any form, adapting to any market desire. Gursky's use of Photoshop, on the other hand, the artist eerily equalising the clarity of every aspect of an image within his highdefinition photographs, creates what Lee describes as an 'ether', which bathes everything within it in a 'crystalline envelope that equalises all it contains' into visibility and 'seeming availability'.

Each work is treated by Lee as a 'document of global times', and there is something stripped away from the agency of the artist in this conception. Lee's is notably a historian's approach to the contemporary, and this is perhaps the reason why the book also feels slightly dated. It's also a little chilly. In the chapter on Hirschhorn, in which she writes that the artist's work somewhat reflects the 'architecture' of commodities and communications media, in which everything collides, no matter how crudely, jarringly or inappropriately, Lee quotes the artist, who has written: 'You can't escape capital. Capital always wins.' The writer appears to agree, and has presented us with a new chapter of art history as seen through capitalism's last 20 years, changed as it has been by developments in industry and economics. It's hard to love what underpins this, fascinating though it may be, but it's hard to argue against it.

LAURA MCLEAN-FERRIS

RAFAEL ROZENDAAL DOMAIN NAMES 2010 ~ 2001

ARTIST BOOK

## Domain Names 2010–2001

By Rafaël Rozendaal Automatic, €20 (hardcover)

Rafaël Rozendaal is one of the foremost new Net artists (and his practice seems defiantly encoded within the twentiethcentury history of Net art, as opposed to more contemporary post-Internet schema). His work characteristically takes the form of standalone websites, each with a unique URL, that contain within them a single interactive animation - be it a blackand-white rendition of Duchamp's Bicycle Wheel (1913) (www.leduchamp.com), a spider's web that breaks at the touch of a mouse click (www.coldvoid.com) or simply a blank screen emitting an urgent telephone ring (www.ringingtelephone. com). In this book, designed by the artist and limited to an edition of 150, these domain names and more are collected. one per spread, in a stylised font, without visual hint of what one might find upon typing them into a web browser. What emerges through the frustration of one's pricked but unresolved interest is a foregrounding of the URL as not just a discrete grammatical form, but an abbreviated literary one too.

**OLIVER BASCIANO** 

Forgetting the Art World

Subject: off the record

Date: Wednesday, February 6, 2013 10:27

From: gallerygirl@artreview.com
To: <office@artreview.com>
Conversation: off the record

The two crystal wineglasses suspended stem-up above my desk start tinkling. It's the sound of the Droog 'Bottoms Up' doorbell that I've insisted be installed at all workstations in *ArtReview*'s new HQ in Uxbridge, just above Starvin Marvins restaurant. And it indicates that the editor wishes to see me. I slip my Alaïa mirrorembellished suede sandals back on and head over to the pod-type structure that serves as his new office.

"Who the fuck are you?" I say to the debonair young man sitting in the editor's Restwell Napoli Leather Swivel Recliner Heat Electric Massage Chair.

"I'm the editor's nephew. He's appointed me as interim deputy while he enjoys his colonic irrigation break in Koh Samui's Spa Resort. He left me with instructions. Gallery Girl, it's time to denounce the artworld."

"But why?" I protest, suddenly feeling undressed and vulnerable in my Ann Summers Pixie Corset.

"Everyone's doing it." He slides past me and I realise he's wearing this season's Dolce & Gabbana lightweight silk-blend bomber jacket over what looks suspiciously like a Roland Mouret Piora printed stretch cotton-blend dress. He notices my gaze. "No feminism without transfeminism!" he hollers.

I nod appreciatively.

"Dave Hickey," he continues, "Sarah Thornton, Mo Farah, Adam Lindemann-"

"Who?" I interrupt.

"Err... scrub the last one," he says squinting at the scrunched-up Post-it note he's holding. "Look, basically everyone is denouncing the artworld, and we must follow suit. And that means you!"

"But I love the artworld," I say, sitting down in protest on the Gandia Blasco Large Furtive Persan Rug. "I like oligarchs! They're just misunderstood. I love the cute little cartels that buy an artist's work and then do kooky fake bidding against each other. I love Jerry Saltz's television career!"

"That's just not good enough, GG," the tyke says, slipping off his bomber jacket and throwing it casually out the window.

"Well, I do hate those early-morning art flights when you rock up at Stansted Airport at 5.45am and suddenly realise you've been spotted by the woman from *The Art Newspaper* while buying the *Fifty Shades* trilogy in WHSmith."

"OK." The lad drops to his haunches and does ten squats.

"And then of course there are the charity auctions. They're pretty ghastly. The National Portrait Gallery. Bonhams. Awful, simply awful. And also I dislike those weird hotdogs that we gave out at the last *ArtReview* party."

Suddenly he loses it. "This isn't doing it for me, GG! Look at Sarah Thornton, she had ten cast-iron reasons to stop writing about the art market. Look at Charles Saatchi, he was dripping with disdain for arriviste collectors. And what do we hate? *Sausages*. This isn't going to cement our hard-hitting reputation. What about the way blue-chip dealers are fucking the small guys? What about the death of Cork Street? What about the huge public subsidy per visitor at sundry public-sector galleries that the taxpayer can't afford? What about Mat Collishaw?"

"Regional art shows!" I bellow back. "The Liverpool Biennial! Glasgow International! I hate them. I never get up there and always just have to pretend."

As quickly as he lost it, the nephew has regained a zenlike calm. "Look, GG, this little session has proved my hunch. You've become captive to the artworld's evils. You can't see the shit that you're wallowing in. That you're *all* wallowing in. It's time for a change. I'm not the editor's nephew! I've dealt with him and the rest of the staff. And now I'm going to deal with you."

"But who are you?" I gasp, picking up the editor's treasured *Dancing with the Stars* trophy and waving it protectively between myself and the sleazy dago.

"I'm from a new Italian art magazine called *Zabaglione*. We're here, we've got loads of cash and shitloads of attitude. With my Argentinian friend Rodrigo, we're going to tear up your cosy little swingers club. We're going to smash it to pieces and proclaim a new Futurism!"

I launch the trophy at him, and the ceremonial disco ball that's attached to the winner's cup clips the lazy wop just above his left eye. He falls to the ground crying senselessly. Leaping over to him, I kick him squarely in the nuts.

"That'll teach you!" I yell. "We love the artworld here at *ArtReview*! We're not naysayers. We'll never give up on it! Now gather your skirts up and fuck off back to Milan!" Whimpering, the young man backs out of the room. I throw myself into the Restwell and reflect on a near miss for the artworld. But I fear the barbarians are at the door, and next time, they'll be wearing the trousers.

GG



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